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TWO DRAMATIZATIONS  
FROM VERGIL

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# TWO DRAMATIZATIONS FROM VERGIL *ins Maro, Pub*

I. DIDO—The Phœnician Queen

II. THE FALL OF TROY

ARRANGED AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

FRANK JUSTUS MILLER

*Author of The Tragedies of Seneca, Translated into English Verse*

The Stage Directions and Music for the Dido Are Contributed By

J. RALEIGH NELSON



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS  
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## PREFACE

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THE epic is a drama on gigantic scale; its acts are years or centuries; its actors, heroes; its stage, the world of life; its events, those mighty cycles of activity that leave their deep impress on human history. Homer's epics reenact the stirring scenes of the ten years' siege of Troy, and the perilous, long wanderings of Ulysses before he reached his home; Vergil's epic action embraces the fall of Troy and the never-ending struggles of Æneas and his band of exiles till Troy should rise again in the western world; Tasso pictures the heroic war of Godfrey and his crusaders, who strove to free the holy city of Jerusalem; and Milton, ignoring all bounds of time and space, fills his triple stage of heaven, earth, and hell with angels, men, and devils, all working out the most stupendous problems of human destiny.

Such gigantic dramas could be presented on no human stage. But in them all are lesser actions of marked dramatic possibility. Notable among these are the events culminating in the death of Hector, the home coming of Ulysses and his destruction of the suitors, Satan's rebellion and expulsion from heaven, and the temptation and fall of man. All these furnish abundant material for the tragic stage; but all leave much to be supplied of speech and action before the full-rounded drama could take form. In the *Æneid* alone is found, among the minor parts which make up the epic whole, a dramatic action well-nigh complete — the love story of Æneas and Dido.

The ordinary student of Vergil is too much engrossed with an intensive study of the text, and has too near a view of the poem, to appreciate how fully this story is worked out in detail; how its speech, action, and events all lead to a dramatic climax. There is need only here and there of an interpolated lyric upon some suggested theme, a bit of Vergil's description of action or feeling expressed in the actor's words, an interjected line to relieve the strain of too long speech — all else is Vergil's own, ready to be lifted out of its larger epic setting and portrayed upon the stage.

In arranging and translating this epic tragedy, the authors have made only such minor additions and alterations of the original as seemed necessary from the dramatic point of view. Prominent among these are the introduction of lyrics at certain points, the obviously necessary curtailing of the banquet scene by the omission of the long narrative of Æneas, and the removal behind the scenes of the final tragedy of Dido's suicide. The lyrical parts have been set to original music in sympathy with the themes; stage action and scenery are suggested by outline drawings of the different settings; and idealized figures and costumes are reproduced from ancient vases and bas-reliefs. These figures have, in some cases, been assigned by scholars to other subjects; but they may be taken, for the purposes of the present work, as illustrative of the characters designated.

With full consciousness of the shortcomings of the work, but with the hope also of assisting the student in school and home to a fuller appreciation of the power and beauty of Vergil, this volume is respectfully presented to the public.

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE first edition of this volume, containing only the *Dido: An Epic Tragedy*, a dramatization of the love story of Æneas and Dido, was published in 1900, and met with a gratifying success. Teachers of Vergil have found the book an interesting supplement to their study and presentation of the text; and in numerous instances high-school and college classes have staged the play with most excellent results.

The book has been out of print for several years; but the continued demand from teachers who desire to use it has made a second edition desirable. This is accordingly offered in the present volume, under a new title, and containing a second dramatization from Vergil—this from the second *Æneid*, the story of the Fall of Troy.

F. J. M.

CHICAGO, 1908



# I

Dido—The Phœnician Queen





## THE ARGUMENT

*For ten years the Greeks had besieged Troy, and on the tenth they took and utterly destroyed that ancient city. The inhabitants who had escaped captivity and the sword, wandered in exile to many quarters of the earth. Now the chief band of exiles was led by Æneas, son of Venus and Anchises, and son-in-law of Priam, king of Troy.*

*After many adventures on land and sea, Æneas came, in the sixth year, to Sicily, where he was kindly entertained by Acestes, king of that land, and where his aged father died and was buried. Thence setting sail in the summer of the seventh year, he approached the shores of Africa. Here a violent storm arose which scattered and all but destroyed the Trojan ships. Æneas, with a number of his companions, was cast upon a desert coast, where they passed the night in gloomy forebodings. In the early morning, Æneas and Achates set forth to explore the land, and came to the newly founded city of Carthage.*

*Now Phœnician Dido, also, with a band of exiles, had fled from her native Tyre, to escape the persecutions of her brother, Pygmalion, who had already slain Sychæus, her husband. And to the land of Africa had she come, and built her a city, even the city of Carthage.*

*And so these two, Æneas, prince of Troy, and Dido, fugitive from Tyre, now meet in distant Africa and live the tragedy which fate has held in store.*

## THE PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

ÆNEAS, prince of Troy, and leader of the Trojan exiles.

ACHATES, confidential friend of Æneas.

ILIONEUS, a Trojan noble.

DIDO, the queen of Carthage.

ANNA, sister of Dido.

BARCE, nurse of Dido.

IOPAS, a Carthaginian minstrel.

IARBAS, a Moorish prince, suitor for the hand of Dido.

JUNO, queen of Jupiter and protectress of the Carthaginians, hostile to Troy.

VENUS, the goddess of love, mother of Æneas, and protectress of the Trojans.

CUPID, son of Venus, god of love.

MERCURY, the messenger of Jupiter.

Maidens, Courtiers, Soldiers, Attendants, Servants, etc., in Dido's train.

Nobles, Sailors, etc., in the band of Æneas.

## THE PRELUDE

[For music, see p. 57]

Arma virumque cano, Troiæ qui primus ab oris  
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit  
Litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto  
Vi superum, sævæ memorem Iunonis ob iram,  
Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem,  
Inferretque deos Latio: genus unde Latinum  
Albanique patres atque altæ mœnia Romæ.  
Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine læso,  
Quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus  
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores  
Impulerit. Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?



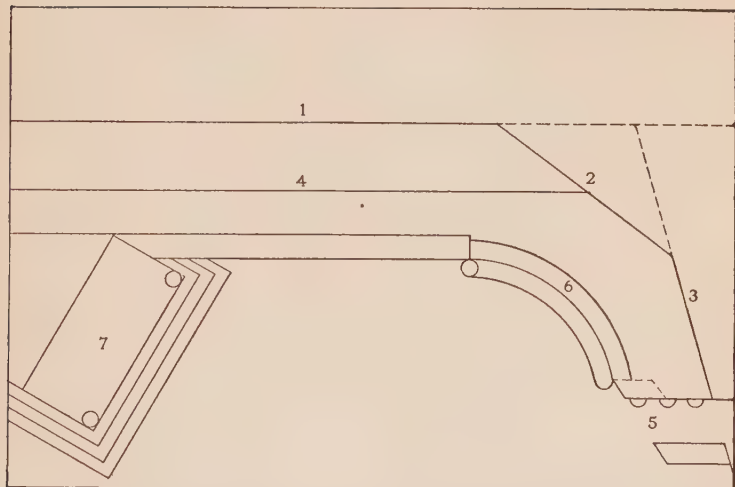
## ACT I





# Dido—The Phœnician Queen

## ACT I. SCENE I



Early morning ; the open square before the temple of Juno on a height near Carthage. In the distance (see cut, 1, 2, 3) appear mountains, and at their foot lies the city, clustered about the harbor where ships are riding at anchor. The effect of elevation is increased by the unfinished columns and the tree-tops just showing above the low marble wall which encloses the square. This scene (4) is set nearer than 1, 2, 3, to increase the perspective.

At the first wing on the right (5), a colonnade, leading to a flight of steps, forms the entrance from the city below. On the same side, along the wall, is a broad marble seat (6), shaded by a wild crab tree, pink with bloom. The dark rug on the step before it is strewn with fallen petals. On the left is the front of the temple (7). Two large columns of white marble flank three broad steps leading to the platform. Above these columns, the architrave bears a frieze representing scenes from the Trojan war. Before the temple door is an altar on which fire is burning.

At the rise of the curtain, a chorus of Carthaginian maidens, clad in white, are seen kneeling before the altar on the temple steps ; they sing a greeting to the dawn.

*Hymn to the Dawn*

[For music, see p. 61]

Wake, Aurora, Wake!

Come, rosy-fingered goddess of the dawn,  
The saffron couch of old Tithonus scorning;  
Fling wide the golden portals of the morning,  
And bid the gloomy mists of night be gone.

Hail, Aurora, Hail!

The dewy stars have sped their silent flight,  
The fuller glories of thy rays expecting;  
With rosy beauty from afar reflecting,  
Thy Orient steeds come panting into sight.

Rise, Apollo, Rise!

Send forth thy healing rays to greet the world,  
Upon the lands thy blessed radiance streaming;  
Arise, and fling afar, in splendor gleaming,  
The banners of thy golden light unfurled.

Enter Æneas and Achates, on their way into the city, evidently attracted hither by the singing. Æneas is resplendent in full armor. Achates wears the Phrygian costume: long trousers of brown, a tunic of deep old blue, ornate with embroidered patterns in gold and purple thread; over this a traveling cloak of brown. He carries two spears. The maidens withdraw and as their voices grow fainter Æneas and Achates kneel before the altar. The light brightens. A bugle call in the distance rouses them from their devotion. They arise. Enter Venus, dressed as a huntress.

*Venus (Æneid, I. 321-324):*

I crave your grace, good sirs. If my attendant maids  
Have chanced to wander hither, quiver-girt, and clad  
In tawny robes of fur, the trophies of the chase,  
Or with triumphant shouts close pressing in pursuit  
The foaming boar,—I fain would know their course.

*Aeneas* (326-334) :

Fair maid,  
No huntress of thy train have we beheld, nor heard  
The clamor of their chase.—But oh, no mortal maid  
Art thou! Th' immortal beauty of thy face and voice  
Proclaim thee goddess. Art thou Phœbus' sister then?  
Or some fair nymph? Whoe'er thou art, we crave *thy* grace:  
Be merciful and tell beneath what sky at length,  
Upon what shores we 're tossed. For ignorant of men  
And land we wander, driven on by wind and wave  
In vast conspiracy.

Full many a victim slain  
Upon thine altars shall repay thine aid.

*Venus* (335-350):

For me,  
I claim no homage due the gods. Behold a maid  
Of ancient Tyre, with quiver girt and feet high shod  
With purple buskin—such our country's garb. Thou seest  
Before thee Punic realms; the city and its men  
Are both alike Phœnician; but around them lie  
The borders of the Libyans, hardy race, unmatched  
In war. The city owns the sway of Dido, late  
Escaped from Tyre and from her brother's threat'nings. Long  
The story of her wrongs, and devious its way;  
But here I 'll trace the outline of her history.  
Her husband was Sychæus, of his countrymen  
The richest far in wide possessions; well beloved  
By his ill-fated bride was he, whose virgin hand  
In wedlock's primal rite her sire had given him.  
But Tyre's domain Pygmalion her brother held,  
Surpassing all in crime. Between these Tyrian lords  
A deadly feud arose. With impious hand and blind

With love of gold, Pygmalion, at the altar-side,  
 With stealthy, unsuspected stroke Sychæus slew;  
 And little recked he of his sister's doting love.

*Æneas* (III. 56, 57):

O awful, quenchless thirst of gold! 'T was ever thus  
 That thou hast spurred the hearts of men to deeds of blood.

*Venus* (I. 351-370):

He long concealed the deed with wanton, feigned excuse,  
 And mocked his sister, sick at heart, with empty hopes.  
 In vain : for in the visions of the night the shade,  
 The pallid shade of her unburied husband came;  
 The cruel altar and his piercèd breast he showed,  
 And all the hidden guilt of that proud house revealed.  
 He bade her speed her flight and leave her fatherland,  
 And showed, to aid her cause, deep buried in the earth,  
 An ancient treasure, store of silver and of gold  
 Uncounted.

Thus forewarned the queen prepared her flight  
 And bade her comrades join her enterprise. They came,  
 Whom hatred or consuming terror of the prince  
 Inspired. A fleet of ships at anchor chanced to lie  
 In waiting. These they seized and quickly filled with gold;  
 Pygmalion's treasure, heaped with greedy care, was reft  
 Away upon the sea, a woman leading all.  
 They reached at last the place where now the mighty walls  
 And newly rising citadel of Carthage stand.  
 But who and whence are ye ? and whither do ye fare ?

*Æneas* (372-385):

O goddess, if beginning at the first the tale  
 Of direful woes on land and deep I should relate,

The day, before my story's end, would sink to rest.  
From Troy (perchance the name of Troy has reached your ears)  
Borne over many seas, the fitful tempest's will  
Has brought us to these shores.

Æneas am I called,  
The Pious, for that in my ships I ever bear  
My country's gods, snatched from our burning Troy. My fame  
O'erleaps the stars. My quest is Italy, a land  
And race that mighty Jove hath promised me. For this,  
With score of vessels staunch I braved the Phrygian sea,  
By Venus' star directed and by fate impelled.  
But oh, alas for Venus' star, alas for fate!  
Scarce seven shattered barks survive the waves, and I—  
And I, a beggared stranger, wander helpless here,  
A fugitive from all the world.

*Venus* (387-401):

Whoe'er thou art,  
Full sure am I the gods must love thee well, since thou  
Through dangers manifold hast reached this Tyrian realm.  
But haste thee and with heart of cheer seek out the queen.  
For lo, thy friends are rescued and thy fleet restored,  
Unless in vain my parents taught me augury.  
For see, those joyous swans are fluttering to the earth,  
Which, swooping from the sky, but now the bird of Jove  
Was harrying. As they, with fluttering wings and cries  
Of joy regain the earth, so, by this token know,  
Thy ships and comrades even now are safe in port,  
Or with full sails the harbor's mouth are entering.  
Then fare thee on, and follow where the path of fate  
May lead.

As Venus vanishes from the temple steps she is illumined in rosy light.

*Æneas* (402-409):

Achates, see the bright refulgent glow  
Upon her face! 'T is light divine! And from her locks  
Ambrosial, heavenly odors breathe! Her garments sweep  
In stately folds, and she doth walk, a goddess all,  
With tread majestic!

Lo, 't is Venus' self! O stay,  
My heavenly mother, stay! Why dost thou, cruel too,  
So often mock thy son with borrowed semblances?  
Why may we not join hands, each in his proper self,  
And speak the words of truth? Ah me! She's vanished quite,  
And I am left forlorn!—

Deeply moved, he follows her vanishing figure.

*Achates*, seeking to divert *Æneas*, leads him to the parapet and points out to him the life awakening in the city below (422-429).

Behold this city with its gates and mighty walls,  
And well-paved streets, where even now the Tyrians  
With eager zeal press on their various toil. See there,  
Some build the citadel and heave up massive stones  
With straining hands; while some a humbler task essay,  
And trace the furrow round their future homes. Behold,  
Within the harbor others toil, and here thou seest  
The deep foundations of the theater, where soon  
Shall rise huge columns, stately set, to deck the scene.

*Æneas* (430-437):

Yea all, like busy bees throughout the flowery mead,  
Are all astir with eager toil. O blessed toil!  
O happy ye, whose walls already rise! But I,—  
When shall I see *my* city and *my* city's walls?

He remains in deep dejection.



*Achates*, observing the pediment of the temple itself (456-458):

But here, O friend, behold, in carvèd imagery,  
Our Trojan battles one by one, that mighty strife  
Whose fame has filled the world. Here see Achilles fierce,  
The sons of Atreus,—and, alas, our fallen king!

*Aeneas*, deeply affected (459-463):

What place, Achates, what far corner of the world  
Is not o'erburdened with our woes? O fallen King,  
E'en here our glorious struggle wins its meed of praise,  
And those our mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown,  
Are mourned by human tears.

Therefore our present cares  
Let us dismiss. This fame shall bring us safety too.

*Achates*, continuing to examine the pediment (467, 468):

See how the Greeks are fleeing, pressed by Trojan youth!  
While here, alas, our warriors flee Achilles' might.

*Aeneas* (469-478):

And here behold the ill-starred Rhesus' white-winged tents,  
Where fierce Tydides slays his sleeping foe; and drives  
Those snowy steeds to join the Grecian camp, before  
They graze in Trojan meadows or the Xanthus drink.  
Alas poor Troilus, I see thee too, ill-matched  
With great Achilles. Prone thou liest within thy car,  
While in the dust thy comely locks and valiant spear  
Are basely trailed.

*Achates* (479-482):

Here to Minerva's temple come  
Our Trojan dames with suppliant mien and votive gifts;  
With locks dishevelled, self-inflicted blows, and tears;

But all for naught. All unappeased the goddess stands  
With stern averted face, nor will she heed their prayers.

*Æneas* (483-487):

Thrice round the walls of Troy the fell Achilles drags  
The body of my friend.—O Hector, Hector! Here  
He sells thy lifeless body for accursed gold,  
While aged Priam stretches forth his helpless hands.

*Achates* (488-497):

And here behold thyself amid the Grecian chiefs  
In combat raging. See the swarthy Memnon's arms,  
And that fierce maid, who, clad in gleaming armor, dares  
To lead her Amazons and mingle in the fray.

Music is heard in the distance, flutes and zithers leading a chorus.

But hark! The distant strains of music greet my ear,  
As of some stately progress fitly timed with flute  
And zither.

See, it is the queen, who with her band  
Of chosen youths and maidens hither takes her way.

*Æneas* (498-501):

How like Diana when she leads her bands by swift  
Eurotas, or on Cynthus green, while round her press  
A thousand graceful creatures of the wood; but she,  
With shoulder quiver-girt, a very goddess moves  
With stately tread among the lesser beings of  
Her train. To such an one I liken yonder queen.

They conceal themselves in the foreground behind the columns of the temple.  
Dido, accompanied by her bands of courtiers, crosses the stage and ascends the

temple steps. She seats herself on the throne which has been placed for her at the temple door.

Dido throughout this act is dressed in white, the symbol of her widowhood. Her dress, worn without himation, is of light filmy stuff draped in the Greek style, and unornamented save for a border of gold thread. Anna wears a dress of delicate blue, elaborately embroidered about the edges with a Greek pattern in gold thread. Her himation, wrapped gracefully about her, is a tender shade of rose pink.

In Dido's train all classes are represented, gayly dressed courtiers, soldiers, and peasants. The men wear cloaks of dark blue and of rich brown over their tunics. The women are clad in dresses of cream color, pink, and faint green.

When all are on the stage, the general effect should be a mingling of pink, blue, brown, green, and white, which harmonize with the tints of the marble, of the flowering crab tree, the blue sky, and the purple mountains.

Suddenly Ilioneus and his following of Trojans appear. They wear the Phrygian costume, but over it the long brown traveling cloak. The singing ceases, the guards lower their spears, and great excitement reigns.

*Æneas*, aside (509, 510) :

Achates, can it be ? What ! Antheus, and our brave  
Cloanthus and Sergestus too ?

*Achates*, aside (511-514) :

Yea, all our friends

Whose ships the raging storm hath parted from our fleet  
And driven far away. O joy ! Come, let us go  
And grasp their hands in greeting.

*Æneas*, aside (515-521) :

Nay, not so, for still

Our fortune in the balance hangs. Here let us see  
What fate befalls our friends, where they have left their fleet,  
And why they hither come. For chosen messengers  
In suppliant aspect do they seek this sacred fane,  
While round them rage the mob.—But see, Ilioneus speaks.

Dido has arisen and with a gesture bids the soldiers stand aside. She sends a page to lead Ilioneus to her throne. Ilioneus kneels before her ; she extends the scepter, which he touches.

*Ilioneus*, rising and standing before the queen (522-558):

O Queen to whom the king of heav'n hath given to found  
A city and to curb proud nations with the reins  
Of law, we Trojans in our need, the sport of winds  
On every sea, implore thee, spare a pious race  
And look, we pray, with nearer view upon our cause.  
We have not come to devastate with fire and sword  
The Libyan homes, or fill our ships with plundered stores.  
Such violence and such high-handed deeds a race  
By fate o'ercome may not attempt. There is a place,  
Hesperia the Greeks have named it, ancient, rich  
In heroes, and of fertile soil. Ænотrians  
Once held the land; but now, as rumor goes, their sons  
In honor of their mighty leader have the place  
Italia called. To this our seaward course was bent:  
When suddenly, upstarting from the deep, all charged  
With tempests, did Orion on the shallows drive  
Our vessels, with the aid of boisterous winds and waves,  
Through boiling, overtopping floods and trackless reefs,  
And put us utterly to rout. To these thy shores  
A few of us have drifted. But alas! what race  
Of men is this? What land permits such savage deeds  
As these? We are refused the barren refuge of  
The sandy shore; they seek a cause for mortal strife,  
And will not that we set our feet upon the land.  
What though the human race and mortal arms are naught  
To thee; be sure that gods regard the evil and  
The good. We had a king, Æneas, more than peer  
Of all in justice, piety, and warrior's might.  
If by decree of fate he still survives, if still  
He draws the vital air of heav'n, and lies not low  
Amid the gloomy shades, fear not, and let it not

Repent thee that in deeds of mercy thou didst strive  
To be the first. We still possess both towns and lands  
Upon Sicilia's isle; Acestes too, renowned,  
And born of Trojan blood, is ours. Our only prayer,  
That we may draw our shattered fleet upon the shore,  
And in the forest shade renew our weakened beams  
And broken oars. That thus, if to Italia's realms,  
Our comrades and our king regained, 't is ours again  
To hold our way, with joy we may that selfsame land  
And Latium's borders seek. But if in vain our hope,  
And if, loved father of the Teucri, thou art held  
By Libya's billows and no more we may upon  
Iulus rest our hopes, then let us seek the land  
And homes reserved for us, whence, setting sail, we came  
To these thy hostile shores, and make Acestes king.

Shouts of applause from the Trojans.

*Dido*, with modest bearing (562-578):

Let not a fear disturb your souls, O Teucrians;  
Away with all your cares. My cruel fortune and  
My yet unstable throne compel me thus to guard  
My bounds with wide and jealous watch. Who knows not well  
Æneas and his race, their city Troy, their brave,  
Heroic deeds? Who has not seen the far-off flames  
Of their great war? We carry not such brutish hearts  
Within our breasts, nor yet does Phœbus yoke his steeds  
So far from this our land. Seek you the mighty west,  
The land of Saturn's reign, or where your foster-king,  
Acestes, rules within Sicilia's borders? Lo,  
In safety will I send you forth and gird you with  
My aid. Or would you share with me this realm? Behold,  
The city which I build is yours. Draw up your ships.

To Trojan and to Tyrian will I favor show  
 In equal measure. Would that your Æneas' self,  
 Conducted by the same o'er-mastering gale, were here!  
 My messengers along the shore will I despatch,  
 And bid them search the farthest bounds of Libya,  
 If he in wood or city, rescued from the waves,  
 May chance to stray.

She despatches courtiers to seek Æneas. Æneas and Achates, meantime, are greatly agitated by her words.

*Achates*, to Æneas, aside (582-585):

Æneas, what thy purpose now ?

Thou seest all is well. Thy fleet and captains all,  
 Save one, are rescued. One we saw ourselves o'erwhelmed  
 Within the deep. All else thy mother's prophecy  
 Upholds.

At this, Æneas suddenly reveals himself, to the great surprise of both Trojans and Carthaginians.

*Æneas*, to Dido (595-609):

O Queen, before thee, whom thou wouldst behold, am I,  
 Æneas, Prince of Troy, late rescued from the waves  
 Of Libya. O thou, who only o'er the woes,  
 The dreadful woes of Troy hast wept, who to thy town  
 And home dost welcome us, the leavings of the Greeks,  
 Who every peril of the land and sea have faced,  
 And lost our all: we may not thank thee worthily,  
 O Queen, nor yet the Trojan race, what remnant still  
 In distant lands in exile wanders. May the gods  
 A fitting gift bestow upon thee; if indeed  
 They feel a true regard for pious souls, if e'er  
 The truth and conscious virtue aught avail. But thee—  
 What blessed age, what mighty parents gave thee birth ?

Whate'er my fate, while to the sea the rivers flow,  
While o'er the mountains' rounded sides the shadows drift,  
While on the plains of heav'n the stars shall feed, so long  
Thine honor and thy name and praises shall abide.

The queen is silent with amazement, while Æneas greets his friends amid general rejoicing.

*Dido*, recovering from her astonishment (615-630):

What fate, thou son of heav'n, decrees these perils vast?  
And what the power that drives thee on our savage shores?  
And art thou that Æneas whom to Ilium's prince,  
Anchises, on the bank of Phrygian Simois,  
The kindly Venus bore? And now do I recall  
That Teucer once to Sidon came as suppliant;  
For exiled from his native Salamis he came.  
'T was at the time when fertile Cyprus bowed beneath  
My father's might, and by the victor's sway was held.  
From that time on, thy name, and all the Grecian kings,  
And the fortunes of thy city have been known to me.  
Nay, Teucer's self, though foeman, sang the praise of Troy,  
And said that he himself from ancient Trojan stock  
Had sprung.

Wherefore, O princes, come and make my halls  
Your own. An equal fate has willed that I, like you,  
The sport of many toils, should find a resting place  
Within this land. With grief acquainted, I have learned  
To comfort hapless wanderers oppressed with grief.

They prepare to leave the scene. Dido despatches men to bear gifts to the Trojan fleet, and proclaims a banquet for the ensuing night in honor of Æneas and the Trojan princes.



*Æneas*, to Achates (643-655) :

Go, speed thee, friend, to where, upon the sandy beach,  
Our comrades camp about the ships. This joyful news  
To young Ascanius bear, and bid him come with thee  
To Dido's town.

Exit Achates.

To other Trojans :

Go ye, and fetch from out the ships  
The treasures that we saved from Ilium's fall: the robe,  
Stiff wrought with golden pattern, and the flowing veil  
All interwov'n with bright acanthus' yellow bloom,  
Those beauteous robes of price which Argive Helen brought  
From rich Mycenæ when to Pergama she came,  
Her mother's wondrous gift. And bring the scepter fair  
Which once Ilione, the eldest daughter of  
Our monarch, bore; the pearl-set necklace, and the crown,  
Its double golden circlet spangled o'er with gems.

The Trojans withdraw to do his bidding. The music sounds, and as the entire court moves from the scene, Dido sends some of her maidens back to throw incense upon the flames. They kneel upon the steps and Anna advances to the altar. As the smoke ascends, Dido and *Æneas* turn to follow the rest.  
Curtain.

## ACT I. SCENE 2

A place in the deep, green forest. Ferns and flowers strew the ground and the sunlight falls through the branches in flecks of gold. In the foreground are two great moss-grown rocks, on one of which sits Cupid, draped with garlands of wild flowers, shooting his arrows at a heart-shaped target hung from the branches of a tree in the center of the stage. At one side sits Venus, absorbed in deep, troubled meditation. She has resumed the flowing draperies befitting a goddess. Pink or canary yellow will harmonize with the scene.



*Venus* (657-662):

Ah me! I fear this Tyrian hospitality;  
For well I know their faithless hearts and lying tongues.  
And ever, mid the anxious watches of the night,  
The savage threats of Juno agitate my soul.  
If only this fair queen might feel the pulse of love  
For this my hero son, then would her purposes  
Of amity be fixed, and my anxiety  
Be set at rest.— But how accomplish my design ?

Suddenly her face is lighted with a new thought. She goes to Cupid and addresses him with insinuating gentleness.

*Venus*, to Cupid (664-688):

O son, my comrade and my only source of might,  
O thou, who scorn'st the giant-slaying darts of Jove,  
To thee I come and humbly pray thy fav'ring aid.  
How on the sea, from land to land, thy brother fares,  
Pursued by Juno's unrelenting hate, is known  
To thee, and often hast thou mingled in my grief.  
Now Tyrian Dido holds him, and with fawning words  
Delays his course; and much do I distrust and fear  
The shelter which our envious rival Juno gives.  
For, in this pregnant crisis of affairs, be sure  
She will be active. Wherefore now my mind is bent  
With wiles to take the queen, ere Juno steel her heart,  
And hold her fast in passion's net; that at the hest  
Of Juno she her present purpose may not change,  
But by a mighty love for this her Trojan guest  
She may be bound to work my will.

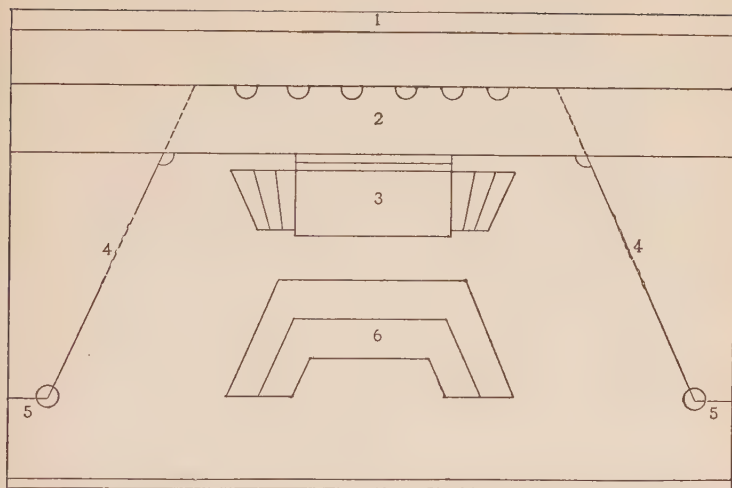
Now hear thy part :

Obedient to the summons of his doting sire,  
The youthful prince Ascanius goes to Dido's town

With gifts which Ocean and the flames of Troy have spared ;  
Him, lapped in sleep, will I to far Cythera bear,  
Or hide him in my sacred fane on Ida's top,  
Lest he should know what we intend, and thwart our plans.  
Do thou, if only for a night, assume the form  
Of young Ascanius, that, when the queen with joy  
To her embrace shall take thee, when amid the wine  
And feasting she shall hold thee in her arms and kiss  
Thy lips, thou mayst inflame her unsuspecting heart  
With the subtle fires of love.

As she unfolds her plan, Cupid is filled with delight. He struts up and down, comically imitating Ascanius. When his mother has finished, he hastens to pick up his scattered arrows, puts them in his quiver, and struts off, looking back for his mother's smile of approval. Curtain.

## ACT I. SCENE 3



A banquet hall in Dido's palace. Across the back of the stage is a colonnade (2), raised above the level of the hall. Through the columns there is a view (1) out over the moonlit sea. Two broad steps lead from the colonnade to a landing (3). At the second wing (4) on each side, curtained doorways open into the side rooms, from which the servants hurry with viands for the table. At the first wing (5), half columns form the corner of the wall. In the center a sort of triclinium (6) is set for the feast, a broad, three-sided table flanked by couches upholstered in Tyrian purple and having pillows of blue and gold.

When the curtain rises, the moonlight is streaming down through the columns upon the scene. A tripod burns before the triclinium. Otherwise there is no light except as it flashes from the side rooms when the curtains are parted for an instant. Servants are strewing the banquet table with flowers and bringing in dishes of gold.

The antique bronze lamps, hung between the columns, are lighted one by one, till the scene is brilliant with light and color.

Music is heard within. The servants hastily finish their work. The royal party enters along the colonnade. Dido is still clad in white, but Anna and the other ladies of the court have assumed himations of royal purple, royal blue, brilliant yellow, and deep green. Æneas has laid aside his helmet and greaves, but still wears his breastplate of mail, although he carries on his shoulder a cloak of royal purple.

The Carthaginians are more elaborately and richly dressed than in the first scene. The Trojans have put aside their outer cloaks, and wear tunics gayly embroidered in colors. The servants wear tunics of white.

The guests recline upon the couches. Æneas is in the seat of honor, while Dido has placed the supposed Ascanius upon the couch at her side. Many of the Carthaginians and the Trojans fill the hall.

Dido rises. There is silence through the room. She intones the invocation.

*Dido (731-735):*

[For music, see p. 69]

O Jove, thou lord of gods and men, since 't is from thee  
The rites of hospitality proceed, ordain  
That this may be a day of joy to us of Tyre  
And these the Trojan exiles; let its fame go down  
To our descendants. May the god of wine and joy,  
And fost'ring Juno grace and celebrate the day.

The entire company repeats the invocation in unison. When they have finished, all bow and Dido pours forth the libation upon the table. Touching the cup to her lips, she passes it to the guests of honor.

While the cup is passing about, Iopas and his chorus sing.

*Song of Iopas (suggested by 740-746)*

[For music, see p. 72]

I

Of the orb of the wandering moon I sing,  
As she wheels through the darkening skies;  
Where the storm-brooding band of the Hyades swing,  
And the circling Triones arise;  
    Of the sun's struggling ball  
    Which the shadows appall  
Till the menacing darkness flies;

## 2

Of the all-potent forces that dwell in the air,  
With its measureless reaches of blue;  
The soft floating clouds of gossamer there,  
And the loud-wailing storm-rack too;  
    Of the rain and the winds  
    And the lightning that blinds  
When its swift-darting bolt flashes through;

## 3

Of the marvels deep hid in the bowels of earth,  
In the dark caves of Ocean confined,  
Where the rivers in slow-trickling rills have their birth,  
And the dense tangled mazes unwind;  
    In the deep underland,  
    In the dim wonderland,  
Where broods the vast cosmical mind.

## 4

Of the manifold wonders of life I sing,  
Its mysteries striving to scan,  
In the rippling wave, on the fluttering wing,  
In beast and all-dominant man.  
    'T is the indwelling soul  
    Of the god of the whole,  
Since the dawn of creation began.

*Dido*, who has been gazing upon Æneas in rapt admiration (753-756):  
Now come, my guest, and from the first recount the tale  
Of Grecian treachery, thy friends' sad overthrow  
And all thy toils; for lo, the seventh summer finds  
Thee wand'ring still in every land, on every sea.

*Æneas*, rising (II. 3-13):

Thou wouldst that I should feel a woe unspeakable,  
O Queen, and tell again how all our Trojan power  
And kingdom, endless source of grief, the Greeks o'erthrew:  
Those sad events which I myself beheld, and in  
Whose fabric I was wrought a part. Who, though he be  
Of fierce Achilles' band, or in the train of hard  
Ulysses, telling such a tale could hold his tears?  
Now night sinks down the steeps of heaven, while setting stars  
And constellations summon us to rest. But if  
So strong is thy desire to know the story of  
Our woe, and hear Troy's final agonies rehearsed,  
Though at the very thought my soul within me shrinks  
And has recoiled in grief, I will begin the tale.

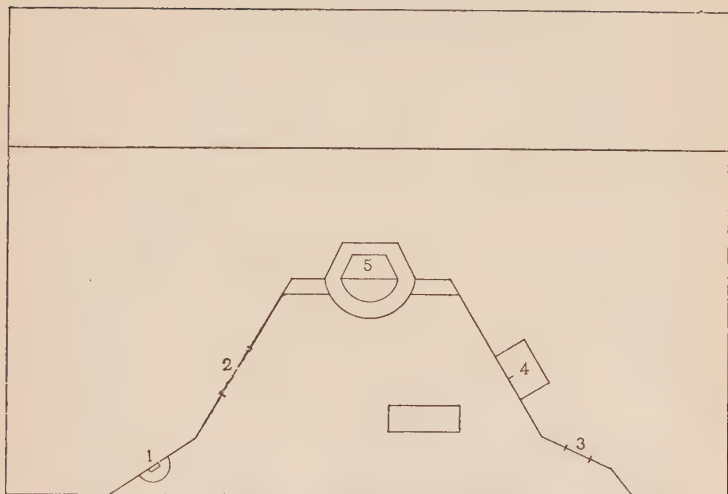
All the Trojans and Carthaginians crowd around the tables, seating themselves to listen. As all faces are turned toward *Æneas*, he sinks back upon his couch, overcome with emotion. There is a moment of silent sympathy. Curtain.

## ACT II





## ACT II. SCENE I



Dido's chamber. At the left, in front, is a shrine (1). An antique bust with an inscription above it, visible in the light from the glowing censer, indicates that it is sacred to Sychæus. Two broad steps raise it slightly from the level of the stage. On the same side in the middle a door (2), flanked by half columns. At the right, first wing, a door (3); half-way back on the same side (4), a curtained recess in which are hung Dido's brilliant robes. In the center of the background (5), is a window overlooking the city and harbor, which show in the distance when the window is opened. It is reached by two steps covered with rugs, and the seats about the three sides of the recess are richly upholstered in green and gray.

Anna and Dido both wear simple white, while Barce, the aged nurse, is clad plainly in brown.

Barce lies asleep on a couch near the shrine, her face lighted by the glowing flame. Anna is asleep on a couch in the foreground.

Dido sits at the window in the moonlight, looking out into the night. She gets up and moves restlessly about the room. She kneels before the altar, replenishing the incense. She comes finally to her sister, and, wakening her, tells of her struggle against the new love.

*Dido* (IV. 9-29):

O sister, what dread visions of the night invade  
My troubled soul! What of this stranger lodged within  
Our halls, how noble in his mien, how brave in heart,  
Of what puissant arms! From heav'n in truth his race  
Must be derived, for fear betokens low-born souls.  
Alas, how tempest-tossed of fate was he! How to  
The dregs the bitter cup of war's reverses hath  
He drained! If in my soul the purpose were not fixed  
That not to any suitor would I yield myself  
In wedlock, since the time when he who won my love  
Was reft away, perchance I might have yielded now.  
For sister, I confess it, since my husband's fate,  
Since that sad day when by his blood my father's house  
Was sprinkled, this of all men has my feelings moved.  
Again I feel the force of passion's sway. But no!  
May I be gulfed within earth's yawning depths; may Jove  
Almighty hurl me with his thunders to the shades,  
The pallid shades of Erebus and night profound,  
Before, O constancy, I violate thy laws!  
He took my heart who first engaged my maiden love.  
Still may he keep his own, and in the silent tomb  
Preserve my love inviolate.—

*Anna* (31-53):

O dearer to thy sister than the light of life,  
Wilt thou consume thy youth in loneliness and grief,  
And never know the sacred joys of motherhood,  
The sweets of love? And dost thou think, that in the tomb  
Thy husband's sleeping spirit recks of this? Let be,  
That never yet have other suitors moved thy heart  
Which long has scorned the lords of Libya and of Tyre;

Let prince Iarbas be rejected and the lords  
Of Africa's heroic land: wilt still against  
A pleasing love contend? And hast considered then  
Whose are the powers upon the borders of thy realm?  
Here are Gætulia's cities, matchless race in war;  
Here wild Numidians hedge thee round, and Ocean's shoals;  
While yonder lies the sandy desert parched and wild,  
Where fierce Barcæans range. Why need I mention Tyre's  
Dark-looming cloud of war, thy brother's threats? For me,  
I think that through the favor of the gods and care  
Of Juno hath Æneas drifted to our shores.  
And to what glory shalt thou see thy city rise,  
What strong far-reaching sway upreared on such a tie!  
Assisted by the Trojan arms, our youthful state  
Up to the very pinnacle of fame shall soar.  
Then pray the favor of the gods, and give its due  
To sacred hospitality. Lo, to thy hand  
Is cause of dalliance, while still the blustering winds  
Of winter sweep the sea, Orion's storms prevail,  
Their fleet is shattered, and the frowning heavens lower.

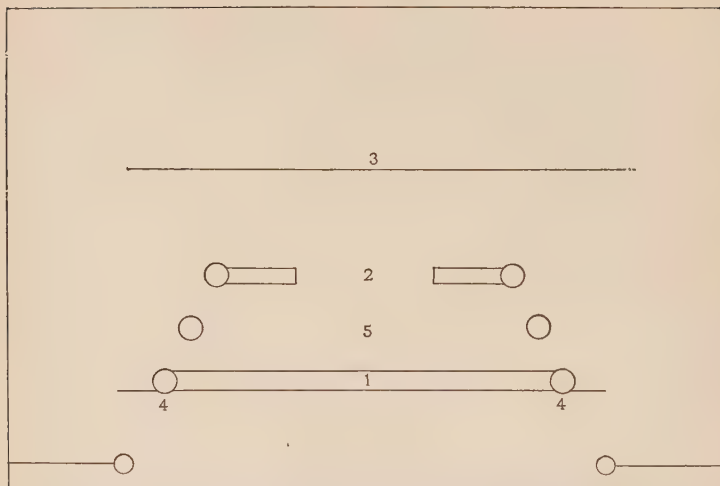
Dido, during this speech, has gone to her husband's shrine. There is a mighty struggle in her soul between love and duty.

Barce, wakened from her sleep and seeing her mistress pale and anguish-stricken, throws herself before her. Dido finally yields and reaches her trembling hand to quench the censor. The old nurse clings to her in terrified appeal. Dido frees herself from her. She quenches the flame and draws the curtain before the shrine. Old Barce sits sobbing before the darkened altar.

Meanwhile the light has been changing into dawn and the sea and harbor begin to be visible through the open window. Dido crosses the chamber, and after a moment's struggle draws back the curtains from before the recess where hang the brilliant garments laid aside during her widowhood. She takes down a purple mantle, and standing before a mirror, girds it about her with a golden girdle.

The sound of a trumpet and the shouts of the sailors are heard in the distance. Anna goes to the window, and seeing Æneas and his men below on the shore, draws Dido to the window. Dido gazes for a minute and then, filled with her new passion, goes forth with her sister to meet Æneas. Curtain.

## ACT II. SCENE 2



A fragrant nook on Mount Ida. Across the stage at the first wing a low, broad marble wall (1), forming one end of a colonnade which leads back to an arch (2), through which the distant sea is visible (3). The columns at the first wing (4) and the wall between them are overclambered by a flowering vine, which has strewn its delicate yellow petals over the wall and the marble floor before it. Behind the wall (5) a garden of brilliant blossoms, with a path leading through it to the arch in the background. There is the pleasant sound of falling water.

Venus, seated upon the low marble wall, is discovered keeping watch over Ascanius, who lies asleep before her, his pink body hidden in a drift of yellow petals. The deep blue himation, which has fallen in graceful folds across the wall behind her, forms a rich contrast in color to the delicate tints of the marble, of the flowers, and of her own dress of tender pink. Juno, in a brilliant purple dress, approaching through the garden, comes upon her in a fury of wrath.

*Juno* (93-104):

Fair fame, in sooth, and booty rich thou shalt obtain,  
Thou and thy boy, a lasting name, if by the guile

Of two divinities one woman is o'ercome!  
Nor have I failed of late to see the jealous fear  
In which thou holdest these our Carthaginian walls.  
But come, in such a strife what motive can we have?  
Nay, rather shall we not a lasting peace secure  
By Hymen's bonds? Behold, thou hast what thou hast sought  
With all thy soul: fair Dido burns with ardent love,  
And feels its thrill of passion dominate her heart.  
Then let us rule this people, thou and I, on terms  
Of amity. Let Dido wed the Trojan prince,  
And give to thee, as royal dowry, Tyria's lords.

*Venus* (107-114):

How mad th' opponent who would such fair terms refuse!  
Or who would wish to strive by preference with thee!  
If only fortune favor what thou hast proposed:  
But of the fates am I uncertain, whether Jove  
Be willing that the Trojan exiles and the men  
Of Carthage reign in common and a lasting bond  
Of amity cement. Thou art his wife. 'T is right  
For thee by prayer to try his will. Do thou lead on,  
I follow.

*Funo* (115-126):

Mine the task thou sayest. Now the way  
In which the matter may be perfected in brief  
Will I reveal. Do thou attend my words.—The queen,  
Unhappy Dido, and Æneas, to the wood  
Prepare to lead the hunt, when first to-morrow's sun  
Hath reared his radiant head and with his shining beams  
Revealed the world. On these, while beaters force the game,  
And hem the glades with circling nets, will I a storm  
Of rain and mingled hail pour down and rack the sky

From pole to pole. In all directions will they flee  
Before the storm, and shield themselves in sheltering caves.  
The queen and Trojan leader will together seek  
The selfsame grot. And, if thy favoring purpose hold,  
I shall in lasting union join and make them one.

Venus assents, and, bending over the sleeping boy, shows by a satiric smile that she perceives the purpose of her rival. Curtain.

## ACT II. SCENE 3

A forest scene. Huge trees and moss-grown rocks. Across the back, a cliff in the face of which at the last wing on the left is the opening to a mighty cavern. Through the trees growing along the summit of this cliff, comes the shimmer of the distant sea.

Far and near through all the forest, trumpets are sounding. Attendants armed with spears and nets, and with hounds in leash for the chase, hurry across the scene. Dido, Anna, Æneas, Ascanius, followed by the entire court in brilliant array, cross the scene amid the flourish of trumpets.

All the costumes are very brilliant with gold, purple, deep blue, and wood green. Dido is dressed in purple and gold, Anna in brown and green with a leopard skin instead of a himation. Æneas is in full armor. All the Trojans and Carthaginians are dressed and armed for the chase.

One of the attendants has seated himself in the foreground to mend his broken bow. As the sound of the trumpets grows fainter, a band of Carthaginian youth, hurrying to join the hunt, descry him and stop to laugh at him, because he is left behind. He throws down his bow in disgust, and points in the direction of the hunt with a gesture of impatience.

### *Attendant* (191-194):

Now look you, to our shores has come this Trojan prince  
Whom Dido, our fair queen, has taken as her lord.  
And now in dalliance fond the winter's days they spend,  
Unmindful of their heaven-appointed destinies,  
And taken in the subtle snare of base desire.

Approval on the part of all the youth.

Meanwhile it has grown darker, and there comes a crash of thunder. All flee in terror. As the storm increases, the courtiers flee across the scene in every direction. The trumpets are heard calling through all the woods.

At last, amid the crash of thunder and the roar of the tempest, Dido and Æneas enter, seeking a place of shelter. Discovering the cavern, they flee to that. Lightning flashes, the thunder roars, the wild cries of the nymphs are heard.

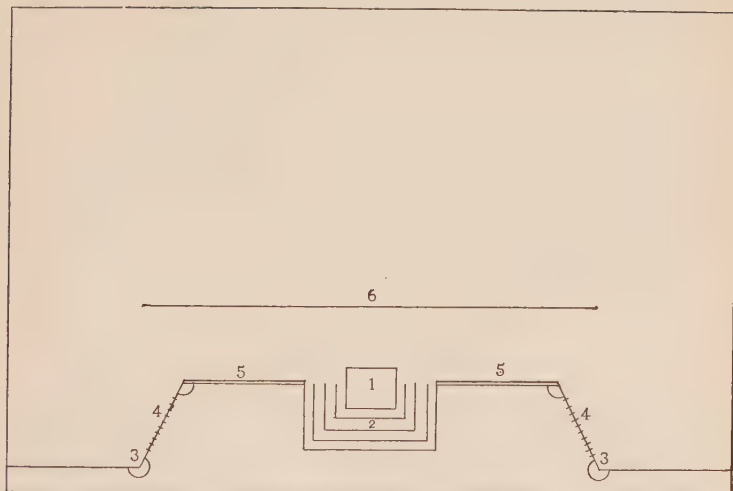
The scene closes in almost utter darkness. Curtain.

ACT III





# ACT III. SCENE I



The temple of Jupiter Ammon in Libya. In the center of the stage an altar (1), raised high from the level of the stage by four broad steps (2). Pillars of barbaric form and decoration at the first and second wings (3), between which are hung curtains (4) of rich, oriental pattern. At the second wing a wall (5) joins the two pillars. In the distance (6), across a wide tract of desert, Carthage can be seen, showing only as a cluster of glimmering lights except when the lightning flashes fitfully along the horizon. The scene is lighted only by the glare of the altar fire.

Iarbas wears a robe of scarlet worked in gold.

*Iarbas*, kneeling before the altar, his face lifted defiantly upward (206-218):

O Jove omnipotent, to whom the Moorish race  
From 'broidered couches pour their offering of wine,  
Dost thou regard th' affairs of men? or is 't in vain

We tremble, father, when thou hurl'st thy thunderbolts ?  
And is it only aimless flashings that we fear,  
And meaningless vain mutterings that fill the sky ?  
That vagrant queen to whom we gave within our bounds  
A site whereon to build her town, a bit of shore  
To till, and granted full possession of the place,  
Hath this our suit disdained and to her realm received  
Æneas as her lord. And now that puny prince,  
That Paris, with his train of weaklings, and his locks  
Perfumed, bedecked and sheltered by a Phrygian cap,  
Hath carried off the prize.—And we, poor fools, bring gifts  
Unto thy temple and adore an empty shrine!

Sullen mutterings of distant thunder. Curtain.

### SCENES 2 AND 3

The temple colonnade, as in Act I. Scene 1. Æneas, surrounded by Achates, Ilioneus, and many other Trojans, is directing the work in the city below them. He has in his hands the plan of the citadel, which he is tracing for his countrymen. Mercury appears upon the temple steps, crosses the stage, and stands a moment behind Æneas and his companions, unnoticed.

*Mercury*, to Æneas, as the Trojans turn and discover him (265-276):

And can it be that thou art building here the walls  
Of Tyrian Carthage, and uprearing her fair towers,  
Thou dotard, of thy realm and thy great destiny  
Forgetful! Jove himself, the ruler of the gods,  
Who holds the heavens and earth and moves them at his will,  
To thee from bright Olympus straight hath sent me here.  
He bade me bear on speeding pinions these commands:  
What dost thou here ? or with what hopes dost thou delay  
Upon the Libyan shores ? If thou, indeed, art moved  
By no regard for thine own glorious destiny,

Respect at least the budding hopes of him, thy son,  
Who after thee shall hold the scepter; for to him  
Are due the realms of Italy, the land of Rome.

While Mercury is giving his message, Dido, followed by her maidens, comes forth from the temple, and as she catches the import of his words, stands horror-stricken upon the temple steps, unnoticed by Æneas or his men, whose faces are turned intently toward Mercury.

*Æneas*, overwhelmed with astonishment, aside (281-294):

O Jove, and I had near forgot my destiny,  
To oblivion lulled amid the sweets of this fair land!  
But now my heart's sole longing is for Italy,  
Which waits me by the promise of the fates. But how  
From this benumbing passion shall I free myself?  
How face the queen and put away her clinging love?

To his attendants:

Go ye, and swiftly call the Trojans to the shore;  
Bid them equip the vessels quickly for the sea,  
And frame for this our sudden voyage some fitting cause.

Mnestheus and the others withdraw to perform his commands. Æneas remains buried in deep thought. He turns and sees Dido standing before him. They gaze at each other in silence.

*Dido* (305-330):

And didst thou hope that thou couldst hide thy fell design,  
O faithless, and in silence steal away from this  
My land? Does not our love, and pledge of faith once given,  
Nor thought of Dido, doomed to die a cruel death,  
Detain thee? Can it be that under wintry skies  
Thou wouldest launch thy fleet and urge thy onward way  
Mid stormy blasts across the sea, O cruel one?

But what if not a stranger's land and unknown homes  
Thou soughtest; what if Troy, thy city, still remained:  
Still wouldst thou fare to Troy along the wave-tossed sea?  
Is 't I thou fleest? By these tears and thy right hand—  
Since in my depth of crushing woe I 've nothing left—  
And by our marriage bond and sacred union joined,  
If ever aught of mercy I have earned of thee,  
If I have ever giv'n thee one sweet drop of joy,  
Have pity on my falling house, and change, I pray,  
Thy cruel purpose if there still is room for prayer.  
For thee the Libyan races hate me, and my lords  
Of Tyre; for thee my latest scruple was o'ercome;  
My fame, by which I was ascending to the stars,  
My kingdom, fates,—all these have I giv'n up for thee.  
And thou, for whom dost thou abandon me, O guest?—  
Since from the name of husband this sole name remains.  
What wait I more? Is 't till Pygmalion shall come,  
And lay my walls in ruins, or the desert prince,  
Iarbas, lead me captive home? O cruel fate!  
If only ere thou fled'st some pledge had been conceived  
Of thee, if round my halls some son of thine might sport,  
To bear thy name and bring thine image back to me,  
Then truly should I seem not utterly bereft.

*Aeneas*, seemingly unmoved by her appeal (333-361):

I never shall gainsay, O Queen, that thy desert  
Can equal all and more than all that thou canst claim;  
And ever in the days to come 't will be my joy  
Fair Dido to recall while memory serves me, while  
My spirit animates these limbs.—To thine appeal  
A brief reply. I did not hope to leave thy shores  
By stealth—believe it not—nor yet a husband's name

Have I desired, nor have I claimed the marriage bonds.  
If under omens of my own it were ordained  
That I should live, and lay aside at will the weight  
Of destiny, then first of all would I restore  
My Trojan city and the dear remains of all  
I called my own; old Priam's royal halls would still  
Endure, and long ago would I have built again  
Our ruined citadel of Pergama. But now  
To mighty Italy Apollo's oracle,  
To Italy his lots command that I repair.  
This is my love and this must be my fatherland.  
If thou, though born in distant Tyre, art linked to this  
Thy Carthage in the land of Libya, why, I pray,  
Shouldst thou begrudge to us, the Trojan wanderers,  
Ausonia's land? 'T is fate that we as well as thou  
Should seek a foreign home. My sire Anchises' shade  
Invades my dreams with threats and admonition stern,  
Whene'er with dewy shadows night o'erspreads the earth.  
And when I think upon Ascanius and the wrong  
That I am bringing on his head, though innocent,  
My heart reproaches me that I am thwarting fate,  
Which promised him the destined fields of Italy.  
And now the very messenger of heav'n sent down  
By Jove himself—I swear by both our lives—has brought  
The mandate through the wind-swept air; I saw the god  
Myself in open day invade thy city's walls,  
And with these very ears I heard his warning voice.  
Then cease to vex thyself and me with these complaints;  
'T is not of mine own will I fare to Italy.

Æneas, as he speaks, has become as one seeing in vision the glorious future of his race. Dido, who has stood with averted face and scornful look, now turns upon him, in a passion of grief and rage.

*Dido* (365-387):

Thou art no son of Venus, nor was Dardanus  
The ancient founder of thy race, thou faithless one:  
But Caucasus with rough and flinty crags begot,  
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers suckled thee. For why  
Should I restrain my speech, or greater evil wait?  
Did he one sympathetic sigh of sorrow heave?  
Did he one tear let fall, o'er-mastered by my grief?  
Now neither Juno, mighty queen, nor father Jove  
Impartial sees; for faith is everywhere betrayed.  
That shipwrecked beggar in my folly did I take  
And cause to sit upon my throne; I saved his fleet,  
His friends I rescued—Oh, the furies drive me mad!  
Now 't is Apollo's dictate, now the Lycian lots,  
And now "the very messenger of heaven sent down  
By Jove himself" to bring this mandate through the air!  
A fitting task is that for heaven's immortal lords!  
Such cares as these disturb their everlasting calm!  
I seek not to detain nor answer thee; sail on  
To Italy, seek fated realms beyond the seas.  
For me, if pious prayers can aught avail, I pray  
That thou amid the wrecking reefs mayst drain the cup  
Of retribution to the dregs and vainly call  
Upon the name of Dido. Distant though I be,  
With fury's torch will I pursue thee, and when death  
Shall free my spirit, will I haunt thee everywhere.  
O thou shalt meet thy punishment, perfidious one:  
My soul shall know, for such glad news would penetrate  
The lowest depths of hell.——

She works herself up to a frenzy, and as she finishes she turns to leave him with queenly scorn, staggers, and falls. Her servants carry her from the scene, leaving Æneas in agony of soul, struggling between love and duty. Curtain.

## Act IV





## ACT IV. SCENE I

Dido's chamber as in Act II. Scene I. Anna sits in the foreground, spinning. The old nurse, Barce, is bustling about, hanging up her mistress' brilliant robes, which she has cast aside for her old mourning gown of simple white. Dido is seated at the latticed window watching the Trojans in the harbor below prepare for their departure. She is weeping.

*Barce*, coming cautiously to Anna so that Dido may not hear (416-418):

Behold, how eagerly the Trojans launch their ships.  
In their mad zeal they hurry timbers from the woods,  
Unhewn and rough, from which to shape their masts and oars,  
While from the city shoreward rush the fleeing men.

The shouts of the sailors are heard. Dido groans. Anna, hastily putting aside her work, goes to her sister, whose face is buried in her hands. Barce takes up the spinning, stopping at times to wipe her eyes.

*Dido*, lifting her face to her sister (416-418):

Thou seest, Anna, how they haste from every side,  
And how the bustle of departure fills the shore.  
The vessels float, the swelling sails salute the breeze,  
And now the sailors crown the sterns with festive wreaths!

She gives way to her tears.

*Anna*, caressing her sister:

Alas, my sister, for thy sighs and grieving tears,  
Thy love abandoned and thy trusting faith betrayed!

*Dido* (419-434):

If this great grief in expectation I have borne,  
Then truly shall I patience have to bear it still.

But, sister, grant me in my woe this one request—  
For yonder faithless one was wont to cherish thee  
Alone, and trust to thee his heart; and thou alone  
Dost know the fav'ring time and method of approach  
To try the man:—go, sister, and in suppliant strain  
Address our haughty foe: I took no oath with Greece  
At wind-swept Aulis to o'erthrow the Trojan State,  
Nor did I send a hostile fleet to Pergama,  
Nor desecrate the sacred ashes of his sire,  
That now he should refuse to bend his ear to me.  
Go, say his hapless lover makes this last request:  
That he wait an easy voyage and a fav'ring gale.  
No longer do I ask a husband's love denied,  
Nor yet that he abandon his fair land and realm;  
Time, only time, I ask, a little space of rest  
From this mad grief, till Fortune give me fortitude,  
And teach me how to bear my woe.

*Anna*, preparing to go (412):

O love betrayed,  
To what despair dost thou not drive the hearts of men?

Exit *Anna*.

Dido, at the window, watches her sister as she takes her way down to the harbor. When she can no longer see her in the gathering twilight, she turns with a sigh to her chamber.

The old nurse, Barce, totters to her. Dido places her head wearily on the old woman's shoulder. Barce, drawing her to a couch, tries to soothe her. Dido starts up in terror, as if she saw some fearful shape. She flees before it to her husband's shrine, and is only recalled from the fancy when she finds the curtains drawn before it.

Barce comes tremblingly to her. Dido in bitter remorse draws the curtains from the shrine and kneels before it. Barce hurries away and soon returns with a lighted candle, which she brings to her mistress. Dido lights the censer. Curtain.

## ACT IV. SCENE 2

The same chamber in Dido's palace. The shrine of Sychæus is adorned with flowers; fire glows on the altar. Barce sits spinning at one side.

Dido is pacing the room with fierce energy. She goes to the window from time to time, then renews her fierce walking to and fro. Suddenly she presses her hand to her head as if a new thought had come to her. Her face assumes an expression of cunning. She picks up a golden goblet, and with a gesture to the old woman sends her to fill it.

When Barce has gone, Dido stealthily but quickly takes Æneas' sword from the wall, and, seating herself, with trembling fingers draws it from its scabbard. She feels the edge, shrinking in terror at the thought of her intended suicide. With a shudder, she presses the cold blade against her neck.

As she is thus meditating, her sister is heard coming. Dido quickly conceals the sword beneath the draperies of the couch. She assumes an air of gayety, kissing her sister and drawing her to a seat.

*Dido* (478-498):

I 've found a way, my sister—give me joy—to bring  
Him back to me, or free me from the love of him.  
Hard by the confines of the Ocean in the west  
The Æthiop country lies, where mighty Atlas holds  
Upon his giant shoulders heaven's vault, all set  
With stars. There dwells a priestess skilled in magic art,  
Of the Massylian race, and guardian of the shrine  
Of the Hesperides; her care, the dragon huge  
To which she offers honeydew and soothing herbs,  
The while she guards the precious boughs.—She claims the power  
At will to free the soul from sorrow with her charms,  
Or burden it with care; to stop the rapid stream,  
And backward roll the stars; the shades of darkness too  
Can she awake, and at her bidding shalt thou hear  
The rumbling earth beneath thy feet, and see the trees  
Descend the mountain slopes.—I swear it by the gods  
And thee, unwillingly I seek the magic art.  
Do thou within the palace rear a lofty pyre,  
And place upon its top the faithless hero's arms

Which in his flight he left within our halls, yea all  
 That he has left, and then our wedding couch, my cause  
 Of woe; my heart is set to banish every trace  
 Of that perfidious one, and this the priestess bids.

Anna assents to her plan, and hurries away to execute it. Dido quickly takes the sword from its hiding-place and in tremulous haste hangs it again upon the wall. Barce enters. Dido turns, fearing detection, but seeing that the old nurse has not suspected her, she takes the cup in her trembling fingers and drains it. Curtain.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 3

Dido's chamber, night. Dido is seated in the moonlight that streams through the open casement. A band of maidens, clad in white, are singing softly to her.

*Chorus of maidens* (apropos of 522-528):

[For music, see p. 81]

'T is eve; 't is night; a holy quiet broods  
 O'er the mute world—winds, waters are at peace;  
 The beasts lie couch'd amid unstirring woods,  
 The fishes slumber in the sounds and seas;  
 No twitt'ring bird sings farewell from the trees.  
 Hushed is the dragon's cry, the lion's roar;  
 Beneath her glooms a glad oblivion frees  
 The heart from care, its weary labors o'er,  
 Carrying divine repose and sweetness to its core.

[Selected from Tasso.]

They quietly withdraw. Dido is convulsed with weeping.

*Dido* (529-532; 534-552):

But not for me, unhappy one, this night's sweet calm;  
 My cares redouble and o'erwhelm me with their flood.

She leaves the window and paces the room.

Ah me, what shall I do? My former suitors seek  
And be again rejected? Shall I humbly court  
Numidia's lords whose suit I have so often scorned?  
Or shall I rather follow haughty Ilium's fleet,  
Submissive to their every will?—Because in sooth,  
'T is sweet to be delivered, and my former aid  
Still dwells within their faithful memory? But who,  
Though I should wish it, would permit me, or receive  
The hated Dido in their haughty ships? Ah, poor,  
Deluded one, dost thou not know, dost thou not still  
Perceive the frailty of a Trojan oath? What then?  
Shall I forsake my kingdom and accompany  
The joyful sailors, or with all my Tyrian bands  
Around me, follow in pursuit and force again  
My friends upon the deep and bid them spread their sails,  
My comrades whom with pain I weaned from Sidon's halls?  
Nay, nay! as thou deservest, die, and with the sword  
Thy sorrows end. O why was it not given me  
To spend my life from wedlock and its sorrows free,  
As beasts within their forest lairs? Or why, alas,  
Was not my promise to Sychæus' ashes kept?

She sprinkles incense on the flame at the shrine of Sychæus. Dawn begins to brighten. The sailors are heard singing in the distance. Dido starts. She rushes to the window, and looking out, sees the Trojan fleet sailing away over the sea. She cries out in frenzy.

*Dido* (590–629):

Ye gods! and shall he go, and mock our royal power?  
Why not to arms and send our forces in pursuit,  
And bid them hurry down the vessels from the shore?  
Ho there, my men, quick, fetch the torches, seize your arms,  
And man the oars!—What am I saying? where am I?  
What madness turns my brain? O most unhappy queen,

Is it thus thy evil deeds are coming back to thee ?  
Such fate was just when thou didst yield thy scepter up.—  
Lo, *there 's* the fealty of him who, rumor says,  
His country's gods with him in all his wandering bears  
And on his shoulders bore his sire from burning Troy!  
Why could I not have torn his body limb from limb,  
And strewed his members on the deep ? and slain his friends,  
His son Ascanius, and served his mangled limbs  
To grace his father's feast ?—Such conflict might have had  
A doubtful issue.—Grant it might, but whom had I,  
Foredoomed to death, to fear ? I might have fired his camp,  
His ships, and wrapped in common ruin father, son,  
And all the race, and given myself to crown the doom  
Of all.—O Sun, who with thy shining rays dost see  
All mortal deeds; O Juno, who dost know and thus  
Canst judge the grievous cares of wedlock; thou whom wild  
And shrieking women worship through the dusky streets,  
O Hecate; and ye avenging Furies;—ye,  
The gods of failing Dido, come and bend your power  
To these my woes and hear my prayer. If yonder wretch  
Must enter port and reach his land decreed by fate,  
If thus the laws of Jove ordain, this order holds:  
But, torn in war, a hardy people's foeman, far  
From friends and young Iulus' arms, may he be forced  
To seek a Grecian stranger's aid, and may he see  
The death of many whom he loves. And when at last  
A meager peace on doubtful terms he has secured,  
May he no pleasure find in kingdom or in life;  
But may he fall untimely, and unburied lie  
Upon some solitary strand. This, this I pray,  
And with my latest breath this final wish proclaim.  
Then, O my Tyrians, with a bitter hate pursue  
The whole accursèd race, and send this to my shade

As welcome tribute. Let there be no amity  
Between our peoples. Rise thou from my bones,  
O some avenger, who with deadly sword and brand  
Shall scathe the Trojan exiles, now, in time to come,  
Whenever chance and strength shall favor. Be our shores  
To shores opposed, our waves to waves, and arms to arms,  
Eternal, deadly foes through all posterity.

The servants rush in terrified during her passionate speech, and as she utters her curse, stand cowering before her. She dismisses with a gesture all except old Barce, who approaches her mistress.

(634-640):

Go, bring my sister Anna hither, dearest nurse:  
In flowing water bid her haste to bathe her limbs,  
And bring the rightful sacrifices of the flock.  
So let her come. And thou with pious fillets gird  
Thy temples; for to Stygian Jove my mind is fixed  
To carry on the magic sacrifice begun,  
And end my cares, and to devouring flames consign  
The relics of that cursed son of Dardanus.

Barce totters away to do her bidding. Dido takes Æneas' mantle and sword from the wall, and unsheathes the sword.

(651-662):

Sweet pledges of my lord, while fate and god allowed,  
Accept this soul of mine, and free me from my cares.  
For I have lived and run the course that Fortune set;  
And now my stately soul to Hades shall descend.  
A noble city have I built; my husband's death  
Have I avenged, and on my brother's head my wrath  
Inflicted. Happy, ah too happy, had the keels  
Of Troy ne'er touched my shores!—And shall I perish thus?—



But let me perish. Thus, oh thus, 't is sweet to seek  
The land of shadows.—May the heartless Trojan see,  
As on he fares across the deep, my blazing pyre,  
And bear with him the gloomy omens of my death.

She rushes forth from the chamber in her frenzy. The sailors' chorus is repeated fainter and fainter. In a moment her death cry is heard. The servants rush in, and finding their mistress gone, hasten in the direction of her cry. Their lamentation is heard. They return bearing the body of the queen upon a couch. She has fainted, and upon her bosom the wound shows red and terrible. Anna enters, beside herself with grief.

*Anna*, kneeling beside the couch, addresses Dido, who revives enough to smile upon her sister (676-685):

Was it for this, O sister, thou didst seek to hide  
Thy heart from me? Was this the meaning of the pyre,  
And this the altar fires? What plaint in my despair  
Shall I offer first? And didst thou spurn me, in thy death?  
Thou shouldst instead have bidden me to share thy fate;  
The selfsame moment should have reft the lives of both.  
And with these impious hands did I thine altar rear,  
And with this voice unto our country's gods appeal,  
That, heartless, I might fail thee in this final hour?  
O sister, here hast thou destroyed thyself and me,  
Thy people, thy Sidonian fathers and thy realm.  
With soothing water let me bathe her flowing wounds,  
And if there hovers on her lips the fleeting breath,  
With my own lips I claim it in the kiss of death.

The sailors' chorus sounds in the distance. Aroused by this, the dying queen half raises herself upon the couch. The servants throw open the casement and the Trojan ships are seen far away, sailing off over the sea.

Dido falls back lifeless. Curtain.



# MUSIC

## SONGS

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| <p style="text-align: center;">The authors are indebted to Professor A. A. Stanley of the<br/>University of Michigan for the accompaniment to this air.</p> |      |
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## PRELUDE

To be sung in unison before the curtain.

The musical score is written for three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are in Latin and are written below the vocal line.

**System 1:**

Ar - ma vi - rum - que ca - no, Tro - iae qui pri - mus ab o - ris

**System 2:**

I - ta - li - am, fa - to pro - fu - gus, La - vi - na - que ve - nit

**System 3:**

Li - to - ra, mul - tum il - le et ter - ris iac - ta - tus et al - to

Vi su-pe-rum, sae - vae me-mo-rem Iu - no - nis ob i - ram,

The first system of the prelude consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a half note Bb4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with some chords and single notes interspersed.

Mul - ta quo-qu<sup>e</sup> et bel - lo pas - sus, dum con - de - ret ur - bem,

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment maintain the same key signature and time signature. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a half note Bb4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with some chords and single notes interspersed.

In - fer - ret - que de - os La - ti - o: ge - nus un - de La - ti - num

The third system concludes the prelude. The vocal line and piano accompaniment maintain the same key signature and time signature. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a half note Bb4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with some chords and single notes interspersed.

# PRELUDE

59

Al - ba - ni - que pa - tres at - que al-tae moe - ni - a

Ro - mae. Mu - sa, mi - hi cau - sas me - mo - ra, quo

nu - mi - ne lae - so, Quid - ve do - lens, re - gi - na de -

um tot vol - ve - re ca - sus In - sig - nem pi - e -

ta - te vi - rum, tot ad - i - re la - bo - res Im - pu - le -

rit. Tan - tae - n° a - ni - mis cae - le - sti - bus i - rae?

# HYMN TO THE DAWN

61

ACT I. SCENE I.

Chorus of Carthaginian Maidens

*8va*.....

Wake, Au-ro-ra, wake, Au-ro-ra, wake!

Wake, Au-ro-ra, wake! Wake, Au-ro-ra, Wake! Au-

*8va*..... *pp* *rit.* *8va*.....

## HYMN TO THE DAWN

ro - sa!

Sera.

♩ I. & II. Sop.

Come..... ro - sy - fin - gered god - dess of the dawn,

The sat - - from couch of old Ti -



## HYMN TO THE DAWN

63

*rit.*

tho - - nus scorn - ing; Fling wide the gold - - en

*rit.*

*f* *rit.*

port-als of the morn-ing, And bid the gloom-y mists of night be -

*f* *rit.*

*f*

gone Hail, Au - ro - ra, hail!

*8va*.....

*8va*.....

## HYMN TO THE DAWN

8va.....

*p* The

This system contains the first three staves of the hymn. The top staff is a vocal line with a whole rest followed by a half note G4. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic, featuring a series of sixteenth-note chords. The bottom staff is empty.

dew - y stars have sped their si - lent fight, The

This system contains the next three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "dew - y stars have sped their si - lent fight, The". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures.

*rit. cres. mf a tempo.*

full - er glo - ries of thy rays ex - pect - ing; With

8va.....

8va.....

This system contains the final three staves. The vocal line includes the lyrics "full - er glo - ries of thy rays ex - pect - ing; With". Above the staff, the tempo markings *rit.*, *cres.*, and *mf a tempo.* are indicated. Below the piano accompaniment, the instruction "8va....." appears twice, indicating an octave shift.

ro - sy beau - ty from a - far re - flect - ing, Thy

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

*animando e crescendo*

O - - - riant steeds come

*animando e crescendo*

This system contains the next two staves of music. The tempo and dynamics are marked as *animando e crescendo*. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "O - - - riant steeds come". The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic pattern from the first system.

pant - ing in - to sight.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "pant - ing in - to sight." and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a double bar line. The key signature changes to one flat (Bb) at the end of the system.

## HYMN TO THE DAWN

*f*

Rise, A - pol - lo, rise! A - pol - lo, rise! Send

forth thy heal - ing rays to greet the world,

*Sea...*

I. & II. Sop.

Send forth thy heal - ing rays to greet the world, Up -

## HYMN TO THE DAWN

67

on the lands thy bless - ed ra - diance stream - ing ;...

This system contains the first line of the hymn. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'on the lands thy bless - ed ra - diance stream - ing ;...'.

..... *a tempo* A - rise..... and fling a - far,....

8va. ....

*rit. ....* *a tempo*

This system contains the second line of the hymn. It includes a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are '..... A - rise..... and fling a - far,....'. There are performance markings: 'a tempo' above the vocal line, '8va. ....' above the piano accompaniment, and 'rit. ....' and 'a tempo' below the piano accompaniment.

..... in splendor gleam - ing, The

*rit. ....*

This system contains the third line of the hymn. It includes a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are '..... in splendor gleam - ing, The'. There is a performance marking 'rit. ....' below the piano accompaniment.

## HYMN TO THE DAWN

ban - - - ners of thy gold - en light unfurled, The

*a tempo e crescendo* *crescendo*

ban-ners of thy gold - - en light..... un -

furled.

*8va.....*

*8va.....*

The musical score is for a hymn titled "Hymn to the Dawn". It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a dense, rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a dense, rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The score includes dynamic markings such as *a tempo e crescendo*, *crescendo*, and *ff*. It also includes performance instructions like *8va.....* for the piano part. The lyrics are: "ban - - - ners of thy gold - en light unfurled, The ban-ners of thy gold - - en light..... un - furled." The score ends with a double bar line.

# INVOCATION

69

ACT I. SCENE 3.

*f*

(Dido) O

*p* *cresc.*

*f*

Jove, thou lord of gods and men, since 'tis from thee The

rites of hos - pi - tal - i - ty pro - ceed, or -



## INVOCATION

dain That this may be a day of joy to us of

*crescendo et accelerando*

Tyre And these the Tro - jan ex - iles; let its

*f* *rit.*

fame go down To our de - scendants, to our de -

*tempo.* *f*



## INVOCATION

scend - - ants. May the god of wine and joy, And

*cres.*

*rit.* *p* *f a tempo*

Musical score for "The Song of the Lark" by George F. Root. The score is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a forte dynamic (*f*) and includes the lyrics "fos - t'ring, Ju - no, grace and cel - e-brate the day." The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *dim e rit.* (diminuendo and ritardando). The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word "FINE."

A musical score for a piano piece. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, showing a more melodic line with some rests. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The piece concludes with the marking "D. S. \*" and the word "Oh".

\* The Invocation is repeated by the entire company in unison.

## SONG OF IOPAS

ACT I. SCENE 3

Adapted from Chopin, Nocturne in G minor

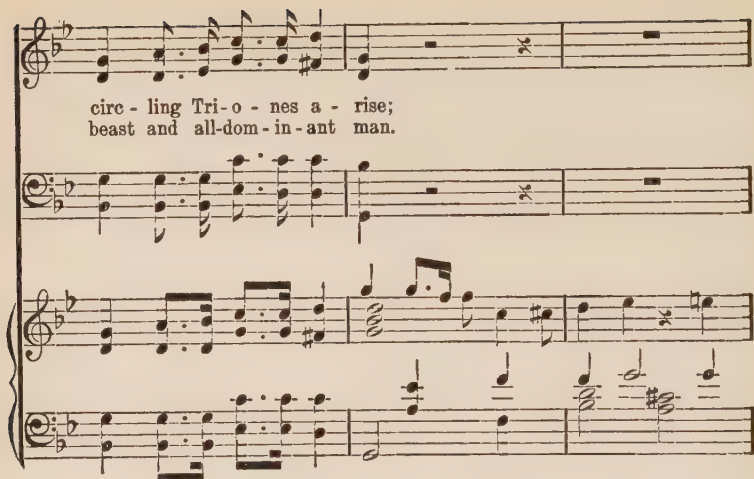
1. Of the orb of the wan - der - ing  
4. Of the man - i - fold won - ders of

moon I sing, As she wheels thro' the dark - en - ing  
life I sing, Its mys - ter - ies striv - ing to

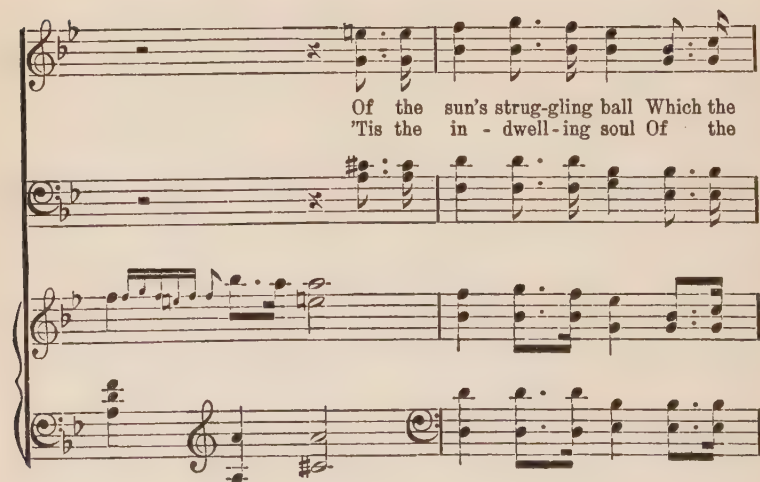
moon I sing, As she wheels thro' the dark - en - ing  
life I sing, Its mys - ter - ies striv - ing to

skies; Where the storm-brood-ing band of the Hy - a-des swing, And the  
scan, In the rip - pling wave, on the flut - ter-ing wing, In.....

skies; Where the storm-brood-ing band of the Hy - a-des swing, And the  
scan, In the rip - pling wave, on the flut - ter-ing wing, In.....



circ - ling Tri - o - nes a - rise;  
beast and all-dom-in-ant man.



Of the sun's strug-gling ball Which the  
'Tis the in - dwell-ing soul Of the

1st time.

shad - ows ap - pall, Till the men - ac - ing dark - ness flies;  
 god of the whole, Since the [omit.....]

2nd time.

FINE.

SOLO

dawn of cre - a - tion be - gan.

2. Of the

all - po - tent for - ces that dwell in the air, With its

This system of the musical score for 'Song of Iopas' consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'all - po - tent for - ces that dwell in the air, With its'. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The bottom staff is a continuation of the piano accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs on the piano staves.

meas - ure - less reach - es of blue; The

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line (top staff) has the lyrics 'meas - ure - less reach - es of blue; The'. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with a steady harmonic accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

soft float - ing clouds of..... gos - sa - mer there,

This is the final system on the page. The vocal line (top staff) has the lyrics 'soft float - ing clouds of..... gos - sa - mer there,'. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) features a more active melody in the right hand, including a trill at the end. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

And the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a whole rest, followed by a measure with a treble clef sign, and then two eighth notes (G4 and A4). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also in one flat. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a measure with a bass clef sign, and then two eighth notes (B2 and C3). The piano accompaniment continues with a series of eighth notes in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

loud - wail - ing storm - rack too;..... Of the

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, continuing the melody from the first system. It includes the lyrics "loud - wail - ing storm - rack too;..... Of the". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, continuing the accompaniment from the first system. The piano accompaniment continues with a series of eighth notes in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

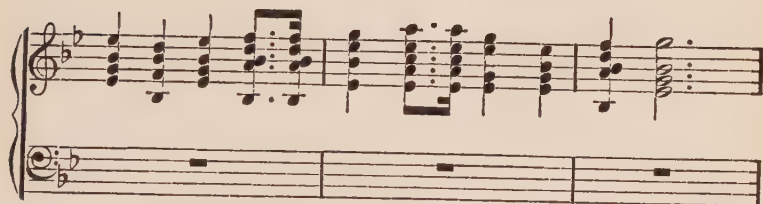
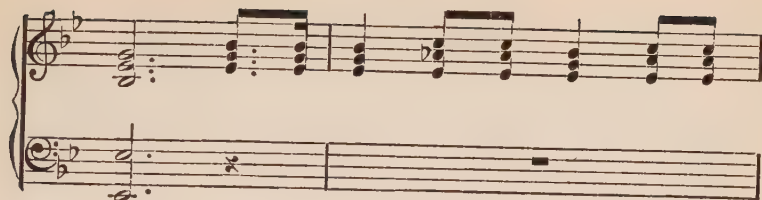
rain and the winds And the light - ning that blinds When its

This musical system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G-flat major (one flat) with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a piano accompaniment with chords. The third and fourth staves form a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, containing further piano accompaniment.

swift - dart - ing bolt flash - es through;

This musical system also consists of four staves. The vocal line continues with a melody that includes a fermata. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in the grand staff.



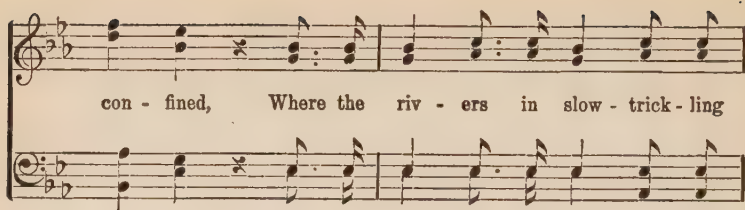


*Male Chorus, unaccompanied*

3. Of the mar - vels deep hid in the

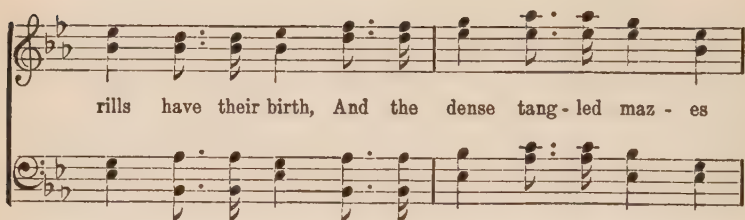
bow - els of earth, In the dark caves of O - cean

The vocal melody for the male chorus, consisting of four staves. The first two staves correspond to the first line of the lyrics, and the next two staves correspond to the second line. The melody is written in a single line on a four-staff system, with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are placed below the staves.



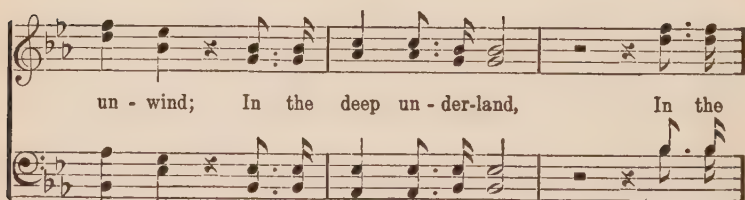
con - fined, Where the riv - ers in slow - trick - ling

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes.



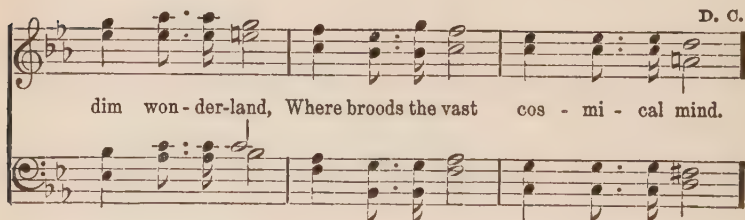
rills have their birth, And the dense tang - led maz - es

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.



un - wind; In the deep un - der-land, In the

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.



dim won - der-land, Where broods the vast cos - mi - cal mind.

The fourth system concludes the song. The lyrics are written below the notes. The system is marked with "D. C." (Da Capo) at the end.

## SLUMBER SONG

ACT IV. SCENE 3. Chorus of Maidens

Words from Tasso; Ger. Lib. II. 96

The first system of the musical score is written for a vocal soloist and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a whole rest for three measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a half note G3, a half note A3, and a half note B3. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment of G3 and A3. The system concludes with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

'Tis

*p*

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line features a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and the steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The system concludes with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

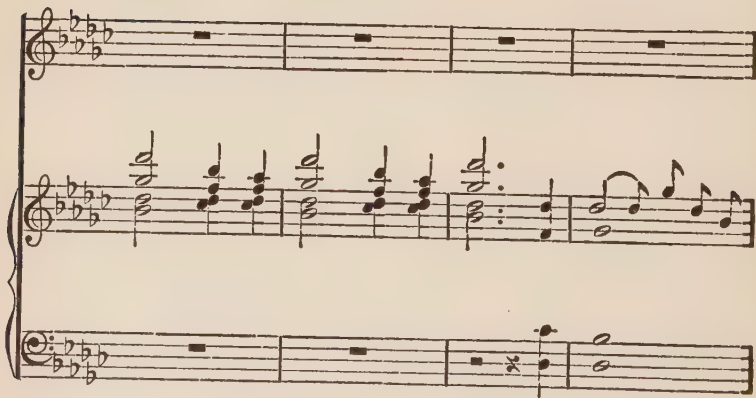
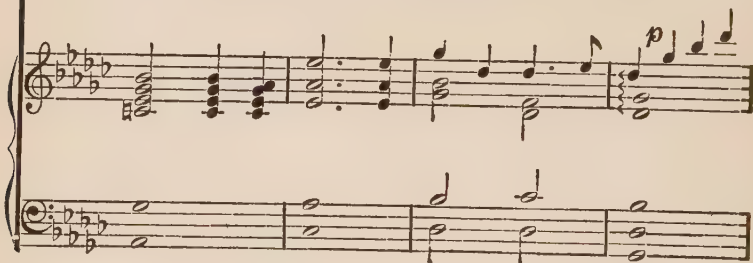
eve; 'tis night; a ho - ly qui - et broods

*p*

## SLUMBER SONG

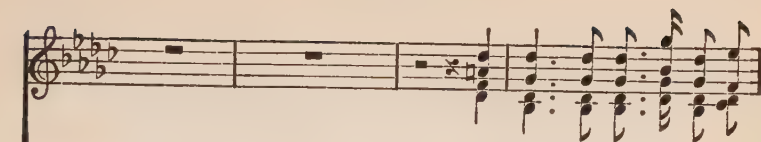


O'er the mute world—winds, wa-ters are at peace.

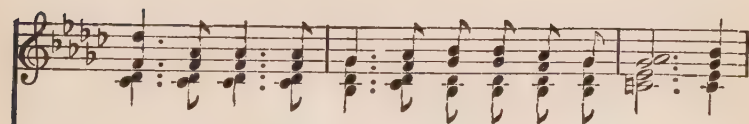
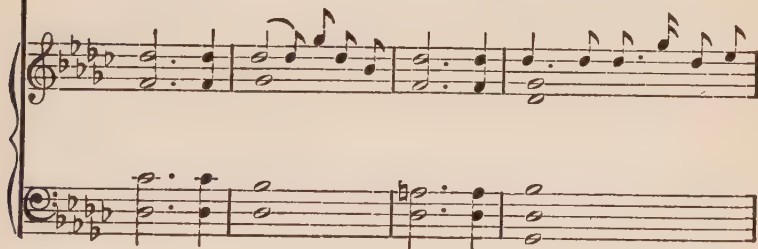


# SLUMBER SONG

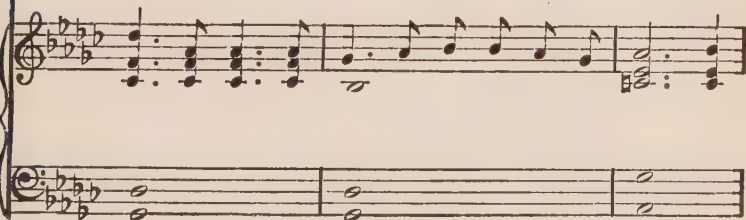
83



The beasts lie couched amid un -



stir - ring woods, The fish - es slum-ber in the sounds and



## SLUMBER SONG

seas; No twitt'ring bird sings farewell from the

The first system of the musical score for 'Slumber Song' consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G-flat major (three flats) and 4/4 time, featuring a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, playing chords and moving lines. The bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment, primarily playing sustained chords. The lyrics 'seas; No twitt'ring bird sings farewell from the' are positioned below the vocal staff.

trees. Hushed is the drag - on's cry,

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of three staves. The vocal line (top staff) has a few rests followed by notes corresponding to the lyrics. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with chords and moving lines. The lyrics 'trees. Hushed is the drag - on's cry,' are placed below the vocal staff.

the li - on's roar;

The first system of the musical score for 'Slumber Song'. It features a vocal line in a treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The vocal line consists of four measures: the first measure contains a half note G4, and the following three measures contain whole rests. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The right-hand piano staff is in a treble clef and contains four measures of chords: two half notes (G4, B4) and two half notes (G4, B4). The left-hand piano staff is in a bass clef and contains four measures: the first measure has a half note G2, and the following three measures contain whole rests.

Be - neath her glooms a glad ob - liv - ion frees

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with four measures: the first measure has a half note G4, and the following three measures contain whole rests. The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The right-hand piano staff contains four measures of chords: two half notes (G4, B4) and two half notes (G4, B4). The left-hand piano staff contains four measures: the first measure has a half note G2, and the following three measures contain whole rests.

The heart from care, its wea - ry la - bors o'er,

This system of the musical score for 'Slumber Song' consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with some rests. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) providing harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics 'The heart from care, its wea - ry la - bors o'er,' are positioned below the top staff.

Car - ry - ing..... di - vine re - pose, Car - ry -

This system continues the musical score. It also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melody, including a measure with a repeat sign. The grand staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Car - ry - ing..... di - vine re - pose, Car - ry -' are placed below the top staff. The musical notation and key signature remain consistent with the first system.



# SLUMBER SONG

87

ing di-vine re - pose and sweetness to its

core,

## SLUMBER SONG

Musical score for the first system of "Slumber Song". The system consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes. The lyrics "Sweet-ness to its core," and "Sweet-ness to its" are written below the vocal line.

Sweet-ness to its core, Sweet-ness to its

Musical score for the second system of "Slumber Song". The system consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The key signature remains B-flat major. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes chords and single notes. The lyrics "core." are written below the vocal line.

core.

## II

# The Fall of Troy



Illustrious Troy! renown'd in every clime  
Through the long records of succeeding time;  
Who saw protecting gods from heaven descend  
Full oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend.  
Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,  
With fate the gods and heroes fought in vain;  
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame  
At midnight was involved in Grecian flame;  
And now, by time's deep ploughshare harrow'd o'er,  
The seat of sacred Troy is found no more.  
No trace of her proud fabrics now remains,  
But corn and vines enrich her cultured plains.

FALCONER, *Shipwreck*.

## THE PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

ÆNEAS, son of Anchises and Venus, son-in-law of Priam, and, since the death of Hector, the leader of the Trojan war-chiefs.

PRIAM, king of Troy, now enfeebled by age.

ANCHISES, the aged father of Æneas.

LAOCOÖN, a son of Priam and priest of Apollo.

PANTHUS, a Trojan noble, priest of Apollo.

CORÆBUS, a Phrygian noble, ally of Priam, in love with Cassandra.

THE GHOST OF HECTOR.

ASCANIUS, son of Æneas and Creüsa (silent).

VENUS, the goddess of love, mother of Æneas.

HECUBA, wife of Priam.

CREÜSA, wife of Æneas.

CASSANDRA, daughter of Priam, reputed to be mad.

PYRRHUS, son of Achilles, leader of the Greeks in their final attack upon Troy.

SINON, a Greek tool, through whose treachery the Trojans were induced to admit the wooden horse within their walls.

ANDROGEOS, a Greek chieftain.

TROJAN warriors, nobles, and commons, shepherds, priestly attendants, boys, women, etc.

GREEK warriors.

## ACT I





# The Fall of Troy

## ACT I. SCENE I

The plain in front of Troy; the city walls; the sea; and, in the distance, Tenedos. Morning, without the gates. Joyful crowds of men, women, and children pour through the open doors. They gather about the strange wooden horse which stands without, and excitedly inquire what it means, and what shall be done with it. Thymoetes voices the sentiment of one party that it should be taken within the walls and set upon the citadel; while Capys and his adherents urge that they should examine the mystery where it stands, and destroy it. Great confusion reigns. The sentiment of Thymoetes seems about to prevail (26-39).

Enter Laocoön, running, followed by a band of priestly attendants, and shouting while still at some distance.

*Laocoön* (42-49):

What madness, wretched citizens, is this?  
Can you believe your enemies have fled,  
Or can you think that any gifts of Greeks  
Are innocent of guile? So have you learned  
To judge Ulysses? No, within this horse  
The crafty Greeks are lying even now,  
Or else its towering bulk has been contrived  
To give them spying place upon our homes,  
Or chance to scale our city's battlements.  
Be sure some dark design is hidden here.  
Trust not the horse, my friends; whate'er it is,  
I fear the Greeks, though armed with gifts alone.

He hurls his spear, which sticks fast in the wooden horse and stands quivering there.

## SCENE 2

Enter Trojan shepherds, dragging in a man bound with thongs. They approach the king. The bystanders jibe at and mock the captive. The unknown stands as if bewildered and distraught, and at last cries (69-72):

Where now, alas, can I a refuge find  
On land or sea? What chance of life remains  
For one who can no longer claim a place  
Among the Greeks? and now his bloody death  
The vengeful sons of Dardanus demand.

The Trojans in wonder and with growing pity urge him to explain himself. He at last proceeds, having with an apparent effort regained his self-control (77-104):

All things and truly will I tell to thee,  
O king, whatever comes; nor will I seek  
To hide that I am Grecian born. This first;  
For though in woe my fate has plunged me deep  
It shall not make me false and faithless too.  
If any chance report has touched your ears  
With Palamedes' name, great Belus' son,  
Whom, though he was all innocent of guile,  
Yet still, because his voice was ever raised  
Against the war, by accusations false  
The Greeks condemned, and sent to gloomy death;  
But whom they now with fruitless grief lament:  
To him my sire, while yet the war was young,  
By poverty impelled, consigned his son  
To serve the prince, by double ties endeared  
Of blood and comradeship.

While he in power  
And in the councils of the kings stood high,  
I, too, by his reflected light, enjoyed  
Both name and fair renown. But when at last,

Through false Ulysses' murderous hate and guile,  
(I speak what you do know), his death was wrought;  
In deep distress, in darkness and in woe  
I spent my days, and mourned the hapless fate  
Of my poor friend. And, maddened by my grief,  
I would not hold my peace, but loudly swore,  
That if the fates of war should bring me back  
As victor to my native land of Greece,  
I should full vengeance take; and by my words  
Dire hatred 'gainst my luckless self I roused.  
Here was the fountain source of all my woes;  
From now Ulysses, crafty enemy,  
Began to spread vague hints among the Greeks,  
Prefer strange charges, and to seek some cause  
Against me, conscious in his heart of guilt.  
Nor did he rest, until by Calchas' aid—  
But why do I rehearse this senseless tale  
To heedless ears? Or wherefore should I seek  
To stay your hands, if 'tis enough to hear  
That I am Greek, and in your hostile minds  
All Greeks are judged alike.

Come, glut your hate  
Upon me. For Ulysses would rejoice  
To know that I am dead, and Atreus' sons  
Would gladly purchase this with great reward.

Here the stranger pauses in seeming despair and resignation to his fate. The Trojans urge him to go on with his story. He resumes (108-144):

Full oft the Greeks, in utter weariness  
Of that long siege, desired to abandon Troy,  
And seek their homes again. Oh, that they had!  
But whensoever they addressed them to the sea,

Rough wintry blasts and storms affrighted them.  
And when this horse, of wooden timbers framed,  
Completed stood, a votive offering,  
The winds from every quarter of the heavens  
Howled threateningly. To seek the will of Heaven,  
The anxious Greeks despatch Eurypylus  
To Phœbus' oracle. He straight reports  
Apollo's mandate grim and terrible:  
"Before, O Greeks, ye sailed to Troia's shores,  
Ye first had need to appease the angry winds  
With bloody sacrifice—a maiden's death  
E'en so, by blood must your return be sought;  
Again must Grecian life atonement make."  
When this dire oracle among the crowd,  
From ear to ear, from lip to lip was spread,  
They stood with horror stunned, and chilling fear  
Their inmost hearts with dire forebodings filled.  
They trembling ask for whom the fates prepare,  
Whom does Apollo seek in punishment?  
Then comes the Ithacan with clamor loud,  
'The prophet Calchas dragging in our midst,  
And bids with charge insistent that he tell  
The will of heaven. And now from many lips  
The grim forebodings of Ulysses' guile  
Assail my ears, while all in silence wait  
To see the end. Ten days the seer was mute,  
Hid in his tent, refusing steadily  
By word of his to doom a man to death.  
At length, his feigned reluctance at an end,  
And goaded by Ulysses' clamors loud,  
He spoke, and named me as the sacrifice.  
All gave assent; and while each feared a doom  
Which might befall himself, they calmly bore

When on my wretched head they saw it light.  
And now the day of horror was at hand.  
All things were ready for the sacrifice;  
The salted meal was sprinkled on my head,  
And round my brows the fatal fillets twined.  
Then, I confess it, did I break my bonds.  
I fled from death and in the sedgy reeds  
Along the muddy margin of a lake  
All night I lay in hiding, hoping there  
To lurk until their homeward sails were spread.  
And now my country dear I ne'er shall see,  
My darling children and my aged sire  
Whose face I long to see. But they are doomed  
To pay the penalty which I escaped,  
And by their death repair this fault of mine.  
But by the gods above, divinities  
Who with impartial eyes behold the truth,  
If anywhere there still abides with men  
Unsullied faith, I beg you, pity me  
Who have endured so dire a weight of woe,  
A soul that has been foully overborne.

The Trojans are moved to tears by this tale of woe; and Priam bids the chains be stricken from him. He then addresses the prisoner with friendly words.

*Priam* (148-151):

Who'er thou art, away with thoughts of Greeks.  
Be man of ours. And, as I question thee,  
Give true reply. What means this monster horse?  
Who first proposed, and what its purpose here?  
Is it some votive gift, or does it stand  
Against our walls as enginery of war?

Sinon stretches his freed hands to the heavens. He speaks excitedly and as one inspired.

*Sinon* (154-194):

O ye eternal fires, be witness now,  
Ye heavenly stars, divine, inviolate,  
Ye cursed knives, and altars which I fled,  
Ye fillets which as victim doomed I wore:  
'Tis right for me to break all sacred oaths  
Which bound me to the Greeks; 'tis right to hate,  
And blab their secrets to the common air.  
I'll not be held by any ties of land  
Or law. Do thou but keep thy promises,  
O Troy, and, saved by me, keep plighted faith,  
If I with truth shall make thee rich returns.

Recovering himself, he goes on more quietly, and with an air of perfect sincerity.

The Greeks' whole hope and confidence in war  
Had rested from the first on Pallas' aid.  
But from the time when godless Diomedes,  
And that curst Ithacan, expert in crime,  
Dared desecrate the goddess' sacred fane,  
Dared drag her mystic image forth, and kill  
Her faithful guard, and on her virgin locks  
Lay bloody, lustful hands unconsecrate:  
From then their hopes kept ebbing back and back,  
Their powers were shattered and their goddess' aid  
Denied. And she with no uncertain signs  
Revealed at once her outraged deity.  
Scarce had the sacred image reached the camp,  
When glittering flames blazed from the staring eyes,  
And salty perspiration down her limbs  
Went streaming; and, oh wonderful to say,

Thrice from the ground, accoutered as she was  
With shield and quivering spear, the image leaped.  
Straitway did Calchas prophecy that all  
Must forth again in flight upon the sea;  
That Troy could never by Argolic arms  
Be overthrown, save as they back again  
To sacred Argos fared and there regained  
That heavenly favor which they first had brought  
To Ilium.

And now have they indeed  
Gone back to Greece, to seek fresh auspices,  
And win once more the blessing of the gods.  
And soon, and suddenly, the sea retraced,  
Will they be here again. So Calchas bade.  
Meanwhile, by that same prophet warned, did they  
This wooden image fashion to appease  
Th' offended goddess, and atonement make  
To her outraged divinity. And more—  
The prophet bade them form an image huge  
Of oaken beams, of such proportions vast  
That through no gate of Troy could it be led,  
Nor set within the walls, lest thus once more  
The people from their ancient deity  
Protection find. For if Minerva's gift  
Should by your hands be desecrated, then  
Would dreadful doom (Heaven send it on *their* heads)  
Upon old Priam and his Phrygians come;  
But if within your walls this sacred horse  
Should by your voluntary hands be set,  
Then would all Asia rise with one accord,  
And sweep in mighty war against the Greeks,  
And that dire doom upon our grandsons fall.

## SCENE 3

The Trojans are entirely satisfied with this explanation and treat Sinon with respectful consideration. At this juncture, two huge serpents come up out of the sea, and, while the people flee shrieking away on all sides, they make their way to Laocoön where he stands sacrificing at the altar, and enfold him and his two sons in their deadly coils (195-227).

## SCENE 4

Great excitement follows. People say that Laocoön has perished justly, since he impiously violated the sacred horse; and loudly demand that the creature be taken within the walls (228-249).

*A voice from the crowd:*

Oh, dreadful punishment, but well deserved;  
For with his impious spear he smote the oak,  
The sacred wood to Pallas consecrate.

*Another voice:*

Now haste we and within our city lead  
This horse portentous, and with humble prayer  
Minerva's aid and pardoning favor seek.

They hastily enlarge the gate, attach ropes to the horse, and put rollers under its feet; many willing hands lay hold of the ropes and pull the horse along. Boys and girls dance and sing around the workers. The horse sticks at the threshold of the gate, and Cassandra, who has been looking on as one entranced, cries out forebodingly.

*Cassandra:*

O fatherland! O Ilium, home of gods!  
Ye walls of Troy, in war illustrious!  
See there, upon the threshold of the gate,  
The monster halts—again—and yet again!  
And from its rumbling hold I hear the sound  
Of clashing arms! O Troy! O fatherland!

But the people, not heeding her, press on and disappear within the city walls with the wooden horse, on the way to the citadel. Everywhere are heard sounds of delirious joy.



## ACT II



## ACT II. SCENE I

Night. The chamber of Æneas. He lies sleeping calmly upon his couch. Enter Ghost of Hector, wan and terrible, bearing in his hands the sacred images of the Penates.

*Æneas*, starting up to a sitting posture, as if talking in a dream (281-286):

O light of Troy, O prop of Trojan hopes,  
What slow delays have held thee from our sight,  
O long awaited one? Whence com'st thou here?  
We see thee now, with hardships overborne,  
But only after many of thy friends  
Have met their doom, and after struggles vast  
Of city and of men.—But what, alas,  
Has so defiled thy features? Whence these wounds  
And horrid scars I see?

*Hector*, with deep sighs and groans (289-295):

Oh, get thee hence,  
Thou son of Venus, flee these deadly flames.  
Our foemen hold the walls; our ancient Troy  
Is fallen from her lofty pinnacle  
Enough for king and country has been done;  
If Troy could have been saved by any hand,  
This hand of mine would have defended her.  
But now to thee she trusts her sacred gods  
And all their sacred rites; take these with thee  
As comrades of thy fates; seek walls for these,  
Which, when the mighty deep thou hast o'ercome,  
Thou shalt at length in lasting empire set.

He makes as if to give the sacred images to Æneas, and vanishes.

A confused sound of distant shouting and clashing of arms fills the room. Æneas leaps from his couch, now fully awake, and stands with strained and attentive ears. The truth dawns upon him as the sounds grow clearer, and as he can see from his window the red flames of burning Troy. He snatches up his arms and is rushing from the room when Panthus hurries in bearing sacred images in his hands and leading his little grandson.

*Æneas* (322):

My friend, where lies the battle's central point?  
What stronghold do we keep against the foe?

*Panthus* (324-335):

The last, the fated day of Troy is come.  
The mighty glory of the Trojan state  
Is of the past, and we, alas, no more  
May call ourselves of Ilium; for lo,  
The cruel gods have given all to Greece,  
And foemen lord it in our blazing town;  
The great horse stands upon our citadel,  
And from his roomy side pours armed men;  
While Sinon, gloating o'er his victory,  
With blazing torch is busy everywhere.  
Down at the double gates still others press  
For entrance, all Mycenæ's clamorous hosts,  
And weapons thick beset the narrow streets.  
In battle order stand the long drawn lines  
Of gleaming steel prepared for deadly strife.  
Scarce do the sturdy watchmen of the gates  
Attempt to hold their posts against the foe,  
But in the smothering press fight blindly on.

At this, Æneas joins Panthus and together they rush out into the city.

## SCENE 2

A street of Troy, lit by the moonlight and the glare of burning buildings  
Trojans rush in from different sides and rally to Æneas.

*Æneas* (348-354):

O comrades, O ye hearts most brave in vain,  
If you have steadfast minds to follow one  
On desperate deeds intent, you see our case:  
The gods, who long have buttressed up our state,  
Have fled their sacred altars and their shrines,  
And left us to our fate. You seek to aid  
A city wrapped in flames. Then let us die  
And in the midst of death our safety find:  
Our safety's single hope—to hope for none.

The little band hurries off toward the noise of battle in neighboring streets.  
Enter from the other direction straggling bands of Greeks, drunk with victory.  
They burn and pillage on all sides, temples and homes alike. Re-enter  
Trojans led by Æneas. Androgeos, a Greek, thinking them to be Greeks,  
goes up to them.

*Androgeos* (373-375):

Now haste ye, men; what time for sloth is this?  
The rest on fire and pillage are intent,  
While you but now address you to the task.

Androgeos suddenly perceives that these are foes, and is struck dumb with  
amazement. The Trojans rush upon him and slay him together with the  
others of his band.

*Coræbus*, one of Æneas' band, exultingly (387-391):

O friends, where kindly fortune first doth show  
The path of safety, let us follow there.  
With these slain Greeks let us our shields exchange,  
Their helms and breastplates let us don, and so

In all things seem as Greeks. When foemen strive,  
Who questions aught of trickery or might?  
Our foes against themselves shall lend us arms.

They exchange arms with the dead Greeks. Thus arrayed, they mingle with the parties of Greeks who straggle in, and slay them. The Greeks, not understanding this strange turn of affairs, flee away in terror. This action is repeated at intervals several times.

Enter a band of Greeks led by Ajax, the Atridæ, and others, dragging Cassandra roughly along by the hair. Her hands are tied with thongs. Coræbus, though the odds are overwhelmingly against him, rushes in to save his beloved Cassandra. The other Trojans, because of their disguise of Greek armor, are attacked by their own friends stationed at near-by points of vantage; and now the Greeks themselves, recognizing the ruse at last, overwhelm the little Trojan band by force of numbers. Other Greeks pour in from all sides and add their testimony that these are Trojans. In the desperate encounter many of the Trojans fall.

Æneas performs Herculean feats of arms, and slays many Greeks, but is himself unhurt. At last he and a few followers escape into a street leading to Priam's palace, whence loud and continued shouting can be heard.

### SCENE 3

At Priam's palace (viewed from without), desperately attacked by Greeks and defended by Trojans. (a) The assailants attempt by scaling ladders to mount to the flat, turreted roof of the palace, while the defendants hurl down upon these darts and stones, and pry off whole towers which fall with a mighty crash. The air is filled with the thunderous noise of these falling masses and with the other confused shouts and sounds of a desperate conflict.

(b) Pyrrhus with a strong band of Greeks is endeavoring to batter down the gates of the palace at its main entrance.

### SCENE 4

Priam's palace from within. All is confusion and terror. Women rush from room to room, with disheveled hair streaming, and with cries of wild despair. A crowded mass of men are attempting to defend the main entrance. Overhead can be seen and heard the defenders on the roof opposing the attack from without.

In the central open court of the palace, upon the steps of a great altar overshadowed by a laurel tree, Hecuba and a group of women have seated themselves, huddling there in the hope of protection from the sanctity of the altar. Suddenly old Priam comes out into the court, hurriedly adjusting his armor.

*Hecuba*, calling to him (519-524):

What dost thou there, of reason all bereft,  
O wretched husband? What avail those arms?  
Or whither speedest thou with tottering steps?  
Such aid and such defense as thou canst give  
Cannot avail us now, nor Hector's self,  
Could he come back to us. Come hither then;  
These sacred altar stairs shall shield us all,  
Or in their sight will we together die.

Priam joins the women at the altar.

But see, Polites comes, by Pyrrhus pressed;  
Through hostile arms, through halls and colonnades,  
He flees alone in sore distress of wounds,  
While Pyrrhus follows hard with deadly aim.  
And now, Oh, now he grasps and thrusts him through.

Polites falls dead at the feet of Priam and Hecuba.

*Priam*, springing up and facing Pyrrhus (535-543):

For that base crime of thine, that impious deed,  
I pray the gods, if there are gods in heaven  
Who care for men, to grant thee dire return,  
And give thee what thou hast so richly earned.  
For thou hast slain my son before my face,  
And with his blood defiled his father's eyes.  
But that Achilles, whom thou falsely claim'st  
As sire, did not so treat his royal foe,  
But held in reverence the sacred laws.  
My Hector's corpse he gave for burial  
And sent me back in safety to my home.

He hurls his spear with feeble strength at Pyrrhus. The spear sticks ineffectually in the opposing shield.

*Pyrrhus*, scornfully (547-550):

Then bear this message to my noble sire:  
Fail not to tell him all my impious deeds,  
And how unworthy has his Pyrrhus proved.  
Now die.

He drags the old man to the altar and slays him there. Exit Pyrrhus, leaving the bloody corpse of the old man upon the ground. The women are carried off as prisoners by the Greeks who now come thronging in.

### SCENE 5

In the now deserted palace near the shrine of Vesta. Helen is lurking for protection within the shrine.

*Aeneas*, passing by and seeing Helen (577-587):

Shall this, the common scourge of friend and foe,  
Unscathed, behold her native land again?  
Her husband, home, her sire and children see?  
Shall she as conquering queen go proudly back,  
Attended by a throng of Trojan slaves?  
Shall Troy have burned for this, old Priam die,  
And all the Trojan plain have reeked with blood?  
It shall not be. No fame, I know, is earned  
By woman's punishment; such victory  
Has little praise; but yet I shall be praised  
For having utterly destroyed this wretch,  
And on her head inflicted vengeance dire.  
It will be sweet to feed my passion's flame,  
And satisfy the ashes of my friends.

He is rushing into the shrine with drawn sword when suddenly Venus appears before him.

*Venus* (594-620):

What grief inflames thee to this boundless wrath?  
What madness this, my son? And whither, pray,  
Has fled thy care for us? Bethink thee, first,



Where thou hast left thy father, spent with age;  
Whether thy wife, Creüsa, still survives;  
Bethink thee of Ascanius thy son.  
For they are hemmed about on every side  
By hostile Greeks; but for my shielding care,  
Already would the flames have swept them off,  
And swords of enemies have drunk their blood.  
'Tis not the beauty of the Spartan queen  
That should arouse thy hate, nor shouldst thou blame  
Thy kinsman, Paris; for the cruel gods,  
The gods, I say, have laid thy city low,  
And overthrown the lofty walls of Troy.  
Behold—for I will straight remove the mist  
Which, dense and clinging, clouds thy mortal sight;  
Do thou but be obedient to my words;—  
Here, where thou seest huge masses overthrown,  
Rocks torn from rocks, commingled smoke and dust,  
Great Neptune with his trident's fearful stroke  
Causes the walls to rock upon their base.  
Here Juno, first of all, with savage mien,  
Besets the Scæan gates, and, girt with steel,  
In fury calls her allies from the ships.  
Now turn thine eyes unto the citadel,  
And there behold Tritonian Pallas stand,  
All blazing with the war-cloud's lurid glare,  
And that fell Gorgon's head. Nay Jove himself  
Inspires the Greeks with courage, gives them strength,  
And whets the gods against the Trojans' arms.  
Betake thee then to flight and end thy toils.  
For I will never leave thee, till at last  
I bring thee safely to thy father's house.

*Æneas, overcome by these revelations, and resigned to fate, retires.*



### ACT III



### ACT III. SCENE I

The *atrium* in the palace of Æneas. The aged Anchises lies prone upon the couch. Creüsa, Ascanius, and other members of the household are huddled together in the same room, listening in awestruck silence to the confused sounds of battle without. The room is lit by the red glare of burning buildings. Enter Æneas, breathless with his haste.

*Æneas*, going up to his father and attempting to lift him in his arms (635, 636):

O father, all is lost; come, flee with me,  
While still the fates and angry gods allow;  
Come, let me bear thee on my shoulders broad  
Unto the shelter of Mount Ida's slopes.

*Anchises*, resisting (637-649):

If all is o'er, and Troy is in the dust,  
Why should I wish to prolong this worthless life  
In exiled wanderings? Turn ye to flight,  
Who feel the blood of youth within your veins,  
Whose sturdy powers still flourish in their prime.  
If heavenly gods had wished me still to live,  
They would have saved this home wherein to dwell.  
Enough and more, that I have seen one fall  
Of Troy, and once outlived my captured town.  
Then, even as I lie in seeming death,  
Address my lifeless body and be gone.  
I'll quickly gain the boon of death I seek:  
The enemy will pity me and slay,  
Or else will slay me for my noble spoils.  
As for the loss of burial due the dead,  
'Twill not be hard to bear. Too long on earth  
I spend my useless years, abhorred of heaven,

Since when the sire of gods and king of men  
Blasted my body with his lightning's breath,  
And marked me with his scorching bolt of flame.

*Æneas* and all the household join in entreating Anchises to go with them  
(651-653):

The heavy hand of fate is on us all;  
But do not thou, O father, seek to add  
To this our weight of sorrow, and o'erthrow  
Our fortunes utterly.

But the old man stubbornly persists in his refusal.

*Æneas*, seeing his father immovable (656-670):

And didst thou think that I could leave thee here,  
O father, and betake myself to flight?  
And has such monstrous utterance as this  
Fall'n from a father's lips? If heaven has willed  
That nothing from this city vast survive;  
And if thy mind is firmly set to die,  
And 'tis thy pleasure to our ruined Troy  
To add thyself and all thy family—  
The door to that destruction opens wide:  
Soon Pyrrhus will be here, his murderous hands  
Reeking with Priam's blood, who slays the son  
Before his father's eyes, and eke the sire  
Upon the sacred altar's very steps.  
Was it for this that thou, through sword and flame,  
O fostering mother, didst deliver me,  
That midst the very sanctities of home  
I should behold the foe, that I should see  
Ascanius, my father, and my wife  
All weltering in one another's blood?

Nay rather, arms! My men, in haste bring arms!

Attendants bring him his sword and shield which he hurriedly fits in place.

The last day calls the vanquished to their death.

Let me go forth to meet the Greeks again,

Once more sustain the desperate battle shock.

We shall not all in helpless slaughter die.

*Æneas* is rushing toward the door, when *Creüsa* intercepts him, pushing toward him their little son, *Ascanius*.

*Creüsa*, kneeling (675-678):

If thou art going forth to seek thy death,

Oh, take us, too, with thee to share thy fate;

But if thy wisdom bids thee still to hope

In sword and shield, here make thy final stand,

And guard thy home. To whose protection, pray,

Is young *Iulus* left, to whose thy sire?

To whom can I, once called thy wife, appeal?

Suddenly a tongue of flame is seen to leap and play among the locks of the boy. His parents, in consternation, attempt to extinguish this, but to no effect.

*Archises*, seeing the portent, starts up with wondering joy, stretching his hands upward in prayer (689-691):

O Jove, if thou art moved by any prayer,

Look on us now; this only do I ask;

And, if our piety deserves the boon,

Help us, O father, and confirm these signs.

A sudden crash of thunder resounds without, and through the open impluvium a bright star is seen shooting across the sky.

*Archises*, rising from his couch in trembling haste (701-704):

Now, now is no delay; I'll follow thee,

O son, wherever thou wouldst have me go.

O gods, on whom our fatherland depends,

Preserve my house, preserve my grandson too.  
From you has come this heavenly augury,  
And on your will divine does Ilium rest.  
I yield me then, O son, into thy hands.  
And would no more refuse to go with thee.

Meanwhile from without the glare of the conflagration increases, and the shouting of the victorious Greeks is heard approaching nearer and nearer.

*Aeneas* (707-720):

Come then, dear father, mount upon my back;  
For on my shoulders will I carry thee,  
Nor will I find that burden overhard.  
Whatever comes, 'twill come to both of us;  
We'll share misfortune and deliverance too.

He takes the old man upon his shoulders, first spreading over his back a lion's skin.

Let young Iulus fare along with me,  
But at a distance let my wife note well  
The way I take. And ye, attendants, hark  
To what I say. Without the city walls  
There is a mound, where stands an ancient fane  
Of Ceres, all alone; a cypress tree  
Of ancient stock, preserved with reverent care  
For many generations, overhangs  
The temple walls. Be this our meeting place  
To which by devious ways in many bands  
We all shall come.  
Do thou, my father, carry in thy hands  
The sacred emblems and our household gods;  
For me, late come from strife, and stained with blood,  
'Twere sacrilege to touch the holy things,  
Till I have cleansed me in some running stream.

With his father upon his shoulders and leading Iulus by the hand he takes his way out of the house. The household follows, leaving the room deserted.



## SCENE 2

A dark street near the Ida gate. Æneas, Anchises, and Ascanius as before. Suddenly through the darkness there comes the distant sound of feet and shouting as of pursuers.

*Anchises*, peering in the direction of the sound (733, 734):

Oh, speed thy steps, my son; the foe are near;  
I see their gleaming shields and flashing spears.

At this Æneas hastens his steps and leaves the scene, his band hurrying after him.

## SCENE 3

At the ancient temple of Ceres without the walls. The fugitives come straggling in in various bands, a motley array, Æneas and his immediate followers among the rest. Æneas watches them as they come and gather about him, counting and identifying them. He now discovers that Creüsa is missing.

*Æneas* (738-748):

Alas, Creüsa, by what wretched fate  
Hast thou been overwhelmed? Where art thou now?  
Hast wandered from the way, or, spent with toil,  
Hast thou given o'er the journey? Woe is me!  
My eyes shall never more behold thy face!  
What god or man is guilty of this crime?  
Or what more cruel deed have I beheld  
In all our stricken town?

To his friends:

Behold, my friends,  
To you my son and sire and household gods  
Do I commend, while I reseek the streets  
And ruined dwellings of our fallen Troy,  
If haply I may find her once again.

He puts on his full armor, and rushes back through the dark gate into the city.

## SCENE 4

A deserted street in Troy, lit up fitfully by smoldering fires. Æneas enters, peering through the gloom on all sides, and calling loudly upon the name of his wife. Suddenly a shadowy form appears before him.

*The Ghost of Creüsa* (776-789):

What boots it to indulge this storm of grief,  
O dearest husband? For be sure of this,  
That not without permission of the gods  
Have these things come to pass. 'Twas not allowed  
That thy Creüsa should go hence with thee,  
Nor does Olympus' ruler suffer it.  
To distant lands, long exiled must thou roam,  
Must plow the water of the vasty deep,  
Until thou come to that far western land,  
Where Lydian Tiber's gently murmuring stream  
Rolls down through rich and cultivated fields.  
There joyful state and kingdom wait for thee,  
There one who is allotted for thy wife.  
Then dry the tears which now affection sheds  
For thy well-loved Creüsa, once thy wife;  
For 'tis not mine to see the haughty seats  
Of Myrmidonian or Dolopian foes;  
Nor shall I go to serve the Grecian dames,  
Proud princess of Dardania that I am,  
By marriage made the child of Venus' self.  
But Cybele, great mother of the gods,  
Detains me still upon these Trojan shores.  
Then look thy last upon me, and farewell,  
And let our common son employ your love.

Æneas starts forward with a cry to embrace the ghost, but it eludes his grasp and vanishes from sight. He sorrowfully turns away and leaves the scene.

## SCENE 5

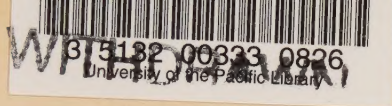
The gray dawn breaks; Mount Ida looms dimly in the distance; the exiles a weary, discouraged band of men, women, and children, take their way out into the unknown world.

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